

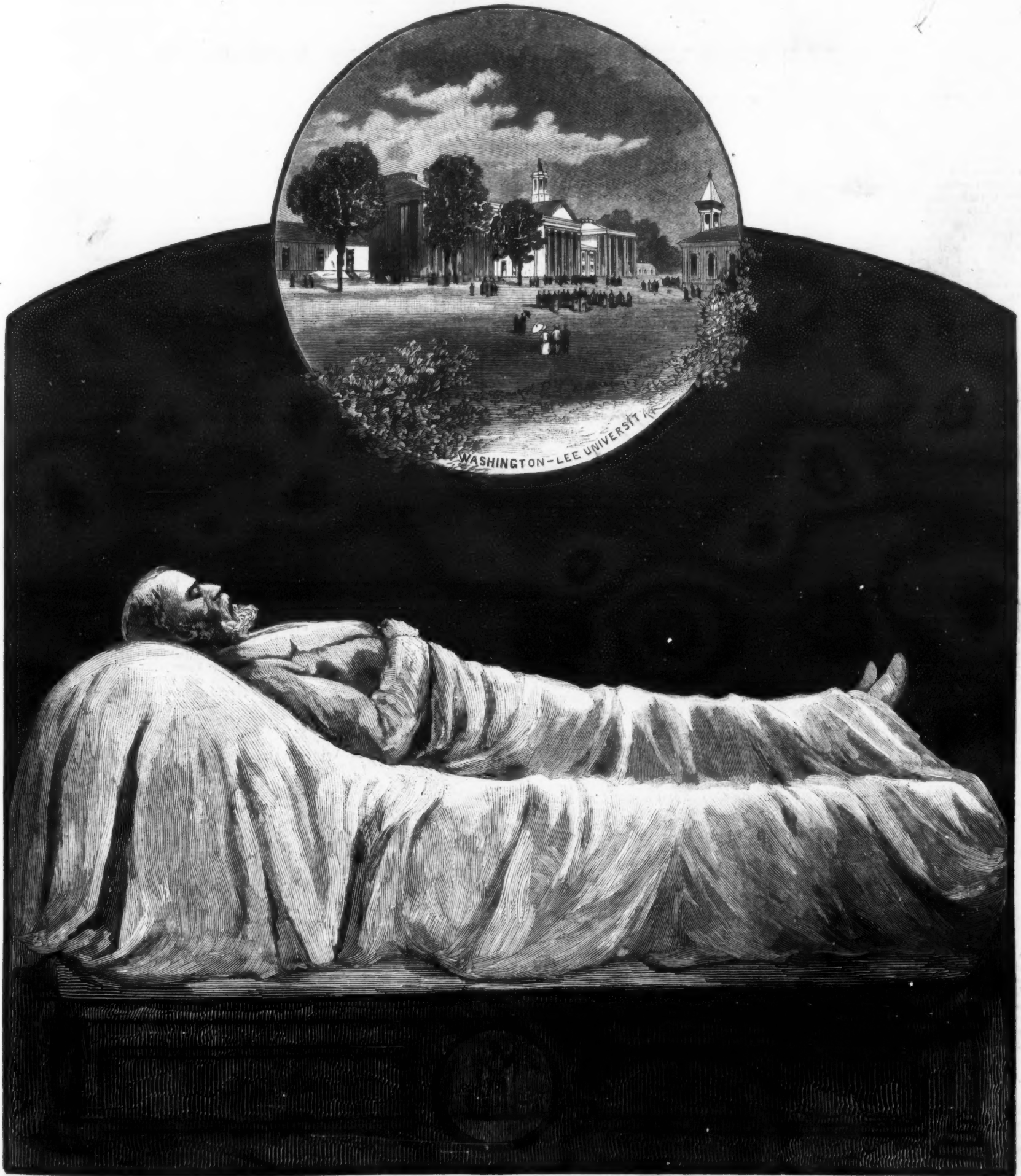
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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VIRGINIA.—THE RECUMBENT STATUE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, IN THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL AT LEXINGTON, TO BE UNVAILED JUNE 28TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. MILBY.—SEE PAGE 282.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1883.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

SEVENTEEN individuals have been elected Presidents of the United States. Three have died during their first term, and of the fourteen who served through the first term, seven were re-elected, and seven were relegated to private life. Just one-half received the mark of popular approval implied by a renewal of their trust. And in every case that approval was emphatic, for they were all re-elected by increased majorities, both of the electoral and popular vote. Four Vice-Presidents have assumed the office on the death of the President elected by the people, but of these not one, as yet, has been able to secure the reward of a second term. It was no lack of opportunity. None were called to complete the mere fragment of another's term. Two of them served the whole period of four years, lacking one month. Fillmore had nearly three years, and President Arthur assumed his duties six months after Garfield's inauguration. All had ample scope for impressing their own character on the policy of the country, and all had the vast power and patronage of the Executive office at their disposal.

Is it to be the invariable rule that no Vice President, called to the chief place, is ever to receive the natural reward of faithful service in this difficult position?

It seems possible that President Arthur may furnish the first exception. He began his duties under circumstances of the greatest embarrassment. His party was divided into bitter factions, and soon it met with overwhelming popular defeat. But the very difficulties of his position gave him an advantage. The people love fair play, and they watched his course with the forbearance and candor that his embarrassing position deserved. They saw that he did not throw himself blindly into the arms of either faction. Leaders of both were disposed to complain, but he kept his course as President of the whole country with prudence and dignity, and now when his term of three years and six months is just half over, he has gained a degree of public confidence greater than his best friends anticipated. Indeed, his administration has been remarkably free from the attacks of partisan calumny. When we recall the stormy times of Tyler and Fillmore, this may be called a new "era of good feeling."

The country is busy with its prosperity. The fever of party strife is at its lowest point. On all the measures which excite public interest the attitude of the President is recognized as just and wise. No scandals have soiled the Administration; no public outcry is raised against Executive action in any quarter. There are no rumors of Cabinet troubles, and the whole machinery of state moves quietly and successfully. The old sectional animosities are rapidly disappearing, and the lines of party strife in 1884 will not be drawn distinctly between North and South. If this state of things should continue for another year, and Mr. Arthur, with a just ambition for public approval, should earnestly seek the nomination, he would certainly prove a very formidable aspirant. Leaving out of view entirely the consideration that it would be natural and reasonable to reward the faithful discharge of a difficult duty, it is to be remembered that the Republican Party have no special candidate in training whose "availability" is so conspicuous as to be a foregone conclusion. They appreciate the dangers of the next campaign, and will be more than usually ready to defer to any clear indication of public opinion. They realize that they cannot afford to run any risks—even the slightest. In this situation, could any candidate be more "available" than one whose record is as fair, and whose administration is as clean and prosperous, as that of President Arthur now confessedly is? Of course, great changes may occur and great mistakes may yet be made; but if the drift of public sentiment shown during the last eighteen months shall continue until next Summer without serious obstacle, we may have for the first time a President called by the popular voice to complete a duty devolved upon him by the death of his predecessor—simply because that hard task was well done.

DIVORCE REFORM WANTED.

THE disgraceful laxity of divorce laws in too many States of the Union has been rendered conspicuous by the notorious Nickerson case recently decided by the Pennsylvania courts. Major A. H. Nickerson, of the Regular Army, a soldier of excellent record, was married at San Francisco in 1870, and lived, to all appearances, happily with his wife at the various posts where he was stationed for the next ten

years. In 1880, Mrs. Nickerson's health being poor, she went by his advice to Europe, taking their daughter with her, and took up her residence with relatives in Germany. Major Nickerson wrote her frequent and affectionate letters, and sent her regular remittances for her support. In the Summer of 1882 he ceased writing her, but continued sending the remittances, which were addressed to the daughter, but made payable to the mother's order. Mrs. Nickerson wrote her husband for an explanation, but received no reply.

While the faithful wife in Welmar was thus perplexed over the strange conduct of her husband in Washington, she was thunderstruck one day last April by the receipt from her mother of this brief cable dispatch: "Falsely divorced—Married—Preserve letters." Major Nickerson had indeed procured a divorce from her, and married another woman. The law of Pennsylvania requires that a party seeking divorce shall have resided within the jurisdiction of the court for twelve months. Nickerson, early in 1882, hired an obscure room in Philadelphia, and retained it for fourteen months, but in all that time he spent only thirteen nights within its walls, his practice being to run over from Washington and sleep there once a month. After having thus established his "residence" in Philadelphia, Nickerson, in May, 1882 (before he had ceased his affectionate correspondence with his wife), filed a petition for divorce, on the ground that she had maliciously deserted him in 1880. No notice was given Mrs. Nickerson of this proceeding, the Pennsylvania laws requiring nothing more than an advertisement of the action in a local paper, which, of course, she never saw. Nickerson had employed respectable counsel; the performance was entirely regular upon its face, and a decree of divorce was granted last March, without the slightest hint of the affair coming to the wife's knowledge.

Apprised of what had been done, the latter at once instituted proceedings against her husband, and everybody will be glad to know that the Philadelphia court, upon having the facts in the case set forth in all their enormity, has annulled the divorce, and that the General of the Army has ordered Nickerson's arrest for a trial by court-martial, which must inevitably end in his deserved punishment. But the matter should not be allowed to drop here. There is every reason to believe that hundreds of innocent wives every year suffer equally disgraceful treatment, and a system which will allow a villainous husband such opportunities must be reformed. Nor is this the only defect of the present system. As the Court observed, the laws not only render the commission of fraud easy, but encourage divorces by the ease with which they are obtained, and the collusion between the parties of which they admit. The Pennsylvania judges have already decided to erect such safeguards against similar frauds as they can by amending their rules of practice in divorce cases; but the laws themselves need radical revision. Nor is Pennsylvania a greater sinner in this respect than many other States. It is scarcely too much to say that a reform of the existing divorce system in this country is one of the most urgent demands of the times.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ILLNESS.

IT has been no secret for years that Queen Victoria is subject to protracted periods of depression and alienation; that she has imagined enemies and trying situations which were empty phantasmas; and that her private confidences have been restricted so that, on the death of her favorite gillie, John Brown, she caused the *Court Journal* to publish her lamentations, which read as if she had lost her last friend in the world. However exaggerated the reports which reach this side of the Atlantic may be, there is every reason for believing that Victoria has passed her days of usefulness as a ruler, and, possibly, the period of stable health which has stood by her in so many difficult emergencies since she ascended the throne an inexperienced girl in 1837.

There is one phase of the Queen's illness and mental debility which is being thoughtfully considered in England, and that is the early succession of the Prince of Wales to the throne. This, it must be admitted from a mere governmental point of view, would be more desirable than a regency, at which some journals have hinted, and which is always a monarchy so hampered and shackled that the nation is, in effect, without an absolute head of the state. Surely, England is in no temper to welcome a regency like that which she endured during the declining years of George III. The contemplation of the Prince of Wales as the King is, therefore, no very remote occurrence, and it is natural to wonder what effect his advent as a sovereign will have on the internal or external politics of the British Empire. It is difficult to see how such an event would, unaided by other circumstances, give any violent wrench to the existing order of things. The British Constitution is not a written document like our

own, of inflexible dogmas of procedure, making the fabric of government an exact mathematical structure to repair or add to, which requires the assent of the governed, expressly formulated towards this end. The Constitution as there interpreted is simply compendious legislation framed and carried out by a responsible Ministry to meet the popular demands of the time. Nor—had the successor of the Queen a desire to impose policies of his own of a retrograde character—would the temper of the English people long submit to reactionary government. But it does not appear that the Prince has any despotic notions. The fact is, that in nature and sympathies he is more English than any ruler since the days of the Stuarts, and his personal character, matured and formed as it now is, cannot be called objectionable or disfigured by odious blemishes. It was the fashion some years ago to point to him as a gilded *loné*, as fond of flash society, indulging in *liaisons* which brought sorrow to the fair Princess, his wife, and scandal to the Queen and nation. However much or little truth there may have been in these stories, which were certainly very widely circulated, there has been no gossip of this kind since his memorable illness at Sandringham in 1871, when he was the object of the tender watchfulness of the whole nation. The truth is, the Prince of Wales is a gentleman of admirable social qualities—in this respect, perhaps, not unlike George IV., although less boisterous and licentious. His *bonhomie*, his infinite good nature, his love of outdoor sports, present him in attitudes of personal popularity which assure him a hearty reception when called to the throne.

What a chance, too, for a man of the years, the travel and wide knowledge of the Prince of Wales, to be called to govern the great empire now in a state of profound peace with the world, and with her veteran statesmen nearly all dead or rapidly passing from the scene.

CROSSING THE OCEAN FERRY.

THERE are fluctuations in the tide of travel to and from different parts of our own country, and society is always more or less whimsical as to what places are to be the fashion during successive seasons. In the matter of travel across the Atlantic, however, there is a steady increase which is interesting alike from social, educational and economic points of view. The statement, not infrequently made by old travelers by way of illustrating the facility of passing from one continent to another, that they think no more of embarking on a steamship for Liverpool than they do of taking a Fulton Ferry boat to Brooklyn, is no longer a mere absurdity. To be sure, in the one case, there are flowers and friends and a letter of credit, and a little longer voyage, but as "time was made for slaves," and not for those who have the leisure and the bank-account to make a trip to Europe, there is not so much difference, after all; and to the seasoned voyager there is no more charm or novelty in the one trip than in the other.

In the years when World's Fairs were in progress there have been considerable accessions to the usual amount of first-class steamship business, but the steady increase in this sort of travel has now carried the annual totals far beyond the largest numbers in such years as 1873, 1876 and 1878. Last year enough people left New York in the first cabins of outgoing steamships to make a city of nearly as many inhabitants as New York had shortly before the era of steam navigation began. Incidentally it may be mentioned that last year, in round numbers, there were landed at the port of New York from the various European ports, 58,000 first-cabin passengers, and 455,000 steerage passengers, or a grand total of over half a million souls. While the number of steerage passengers going the other way was comparatively small, the number of first-cabin passengers was fully as large. Imagine the entire population of Brooklyn floating around on the broad Atlantic, and one will have some idea of the actual crowd arriving at, and sailing for, European ports in a single year from the metropolis alone.

There never has been so great a rush of first-class passengers from New York as the present season, two or three thousand sailing in a single week, with all staterooms on favorite steamers engaged for weeks ahead, and some lines obliged to send out two steamers instead of one on their regular "steamer days." This all points to the time, not far away, when there will be first-class steamships of a single line sailing daily, and there is also reason to believe that the time of crossing will be shortened to a maximum not exceeding five days, from New York to London.

There is an interesting consideration in connection with the amount of money spent by the Americans who annually go abroad, ranging from the poor student who counts every penny twice before he decides

to spend it, and the scarcely less economical Cook's tourist, up to the W. H. Vanderbilt, who lines his pocket-book with a letter of credit for a million dollars, because, as he says, he understands "the system of 'tipping' over there is very expensive." Suppose 75,000 persons cross this season, which is not far out of the way, of whom at least two-thirds will be Americans, while the other third may be English and other foreign visitors returning home. The round-trip passage money, with the incidentals of the voyage, will foot up not less than \$7,000,000, and it would not be excessive, perhaps, to estimate that each of the 50,000 Americans will spend an average of \$500 each in travel-expenses, making this item \$25,000,000. These figures look formidable, but there is still to be included the exceptionally large outlays for works of art and the thousand-and-one things which people of wealth purchase to enrich and beautify their American homes.

For all this vast outlay, however, there is the immediate and constantly increasing compensation of the added education of travel and the ever-enlarging and beneficent culture and refinement of accumulating treasures in paintings, statuary, and other lesser examples of the best results of the higher civilization. This alone would balance the books with a profit to our credit; but the more sordid political economist who simply studies the financial aspects of the question, and who may be disposed to grumble at the quantity of our money which goes abroad, will do well to bear in mind that the number of European tourists to America is also rapidly increasing, and, if they do not spend as much as the American of the same means on his travels, the fact that they have by personal inspection become familiar with, and enamored of, our noble expanse of territory and are now investing millions in our lands, helps to balance the account on a prompt cash basis. And if we were to add the half-million of emigrants landed at this one port in 1882, on the estimated basis that each emigrant adds \$1,000 to the money value of the country, the output and income of ocean travel leaves us vastly the winners, education and culture out of the question.

THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

GENERAL CROOK'S Indian expedition over the Mexican border fully establishes his fame as the great Indian fighter of his age. The scheme was entirely his own, and its novelty provoked the criticism of every admirer of red-tape and text-book methods. Having to deal with an extraordinarily bold and cunning tribe, he resolved to fight them with their own weapons, and accordingly he organized a force which numbered four red men to every white. With about 250 in his party, he left the border on the 1st of May, and plunged into the recesses of the Chiricahua country, in which the hostile Apaches had taken refuge. For more than a month all trace of him was lost, and rumors of every sort found ready circulation, until on the 11th of June he appeared with his command on the Arizona border and made report.

The wisdom of his campaign was abundantly vindicated by its results. The hostiles well knew that no regular army expedition could ever penetrate to their stronghold in a country which the experienced general describes as "of indescribable roughness," and securely camped in a fertile and beautiful spot in the very heart of the Sierra Madres, they felt no fear of attack. Suddenly, early one morning in the middle of May, the pursuing Indian scouts swept down upon their brethren, surprised their village, and "wiped it out," killing a number of warriors, capturing others, and spreading such a spirit of dread through the band that those who escaped soon began to surrender, and to promise that the whole party would return to their Arizona reservation. General Crook had already stretched to their utmost the terms of the treaty under which he had crossed the Mexican border, or he would have waited to gather in the remnants of the band; but, although he was forced to return without bringing all the hostiles in his train, he evidently considers that their power is finally broken. Among the 400 prisoners brought in were chiefs Socco and Nana.

An almost ideal success characterized the enterprise, not a single life being lost by the attacking party. Daring in its conception and romantic in its execution, the conclusion of the expedition afforded striking proof of General Crook's modesty. So far from returning in the guise of the conquering hero, with many an *avant-courier* to foretell his triumphant coming, he rode quietly into camp, greeted the colonel in command with a nonchalant air, "and straightway struck out for a wash-basin which he had spied, and was soon engaged in performing his ablutions, after which he threw himself into a camp-stool and engaged in conversation about his campaign in an off-hand way."

It is to be hoped that the day will come

time come when Indian fighting will be a thing of the past; but so long as there are hostile tribes to be subdued, it is fortunate that the army has a General Crook to call upon.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE conviction and execution of the Phoenix Park assassins has been quickly followed by the trial, in London, of the six dynamite conspirators on the charge of treason-felony. Lynch, the informer, retold his circumstantial story, which was confirmed by other witnesses, and the defense made but a poor showing, except in the cases of two of the accused, Ansbrough and Bernard Gallagher. These two were acquitted by the jury, but Dr. Gallagher, of Brooklyn, and the other three were convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. The success of these two great trials in Dublin and London has evidently had a marked effect upon the dynamite party, and there is a noticeable lull in their operations. The Pope has been so much impressed by the Catholic revolt against the recent deliverance on the Irish question, that the Vatican is now seeking to explain away the famous letter which created such a revolt. In an interview, last week, with a *Herald* correspondent, Cardinal Simeoni, speaking for the Pope, said explicitly that the letter to the Irish Bishops had no political meaning, being designed purely as a spiritual admonition, and that the Pope sympathized profoundly with the Irish people.

Bismarck has at last succeeded in persuading the Reichstag to pass a two years' budget. The Landtag is discussing the Church Bill recently submitted by the Government, and will probably accept it without substantial change. The course of Germany on this question has occasioned much difference of opinion at the Vatican, and there is a growing tendency in the highest quarters in favor of accepting the concessions offered by Germany, and of not opposing the intended legislation. Herr von Bennigsen, the leader of the national Liberals, has retired, because he found his party would not support him in accepting the Church Bill.

There is a possibility that the trouble between France and China may be settled without war. Li Hung Chang, the Chinese commander, has informed the French Minister at Shanghai that China has no intention of declaring war against France. The French, on their side, also begin to shrink from the chances of a war; but, at the same time, both nations continue their warlike preparations.

The Czar has returned in safety from Moscow to St. Petersburg, and he has commuted or mitigated the sentences of several nihilists, but he gives no sign of contemplating any concession of political rights.

An article elsewhere refers at some length to the benefactions of which the City of Burlington, in Vermont, has been the recipient, naming especially those of the Howard family. In addition to the munificent gifts there enumerated, mention should also be made of those made by Mr. Billings to the University—first, of the late George P. Marsh's library, and afterward of a fireproof library building, amounting in the aggregate to nearly \$100,000.

The Mississippi Republicans have, after all, declined an alliance with the Democracy. At a recent meeting of the State Executive Committee a resolution was adopted reaffirming the principles of the Republican Party, indorsing the Administration, pledging themselves to maintain the party organization, and inviting, for the overthrow of the Bourbon Democracy, the co-operation of all political elements in the respective counties. A proposition to indorse General Chalmers as "a friend and ally entitled to confidence" was rejected, and, so far as appears, that notorious individual is left without any important following among either Republicans or Democrats.

A NOTABLE event of last week was the celebration, at Birmingham, England, to commemorate the completion of a full quarter of a century's service by John Bright as Member of Parliament for that busy city. The demonstrations were characterized by a heartiness and sincerity which proved the warm affection felt for the good Quaker and the great Liberal by his constituents, and the tribute was one with which a very large element of the English people fully sympathized. Mr. Bright's services to his country have been distinguished, and the grandeur of his character finds fuller recognition as his career approaches its close. Americans, too, share in the honors paid him, for it will never be forgotten that in the dark days of the rebellion, when even Gladstone declared that "Jefferson Davis has created a nation," John Bright never faltered in his outspoken sympathy for the Union cause, and his faith in its final triumph.

The verdict of acquittal rendered by the jury in the Star route trial has occasioned profound surprise throughout the country. While a disagreement was regarded as not improbable, there were few who had supposed that the jury, in view of the evidence submitted, could entirely acquit the accused. It is quite safe to say that, outside of Washington, it would be impossible to find a jury capable of reaching such a conclusion. The general public has believed, upon the facts presented, that those men were guilty of it; and, although dishonest practices in connection with the Star Route service, and the verdict rendered will not alter this opinion. The great body of the people will regard the outcome as a signal failure of justice, and the defendants, while escaping punishment at the hands of the

courts, will be followed to their last hours by well deserved execrations.

BRITISH conservatism was never better illustrated than in the long and determined struggle against the repeal of the ancient law forbidding a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. There was never any good reason for the prohibition, and the advocates for its abolition have long had the argument all on their side. Year after year they have exposed the absurdity of the tradition, and respected the familiar and unanswerable arguments in favor of allowing a man freedom to take the course which not merely affection, but regard for his motherless children, may often dictate. But year after year the House of Lords has voted down every proposition for a change, and it was not until the weight of royal influence had been cast into the balance that the scales were turned, and the often-defeated Bill last week passed its second reading, by a vote of 165 to 158, three of the princes being numbered among the majority. A century hence it will be hard even for Englishmen to comprehend that so long and bitter a fight was waged in defense of an indefensible statute.

THE capacity of the average legislator for grabbing has been freshly illustrated by the recent action of the Pennsylvania Legislature. That body, having failed at the regular session to make the reapportionment demanded by the Constitution, the Governor immediately convened it in special session to discharge that duty. The obvious thing to do was, of course, to go to work and perfect a Bill without delay. But the Constitution allows \$10 a day to each member during a special session, and the thrifty law-makers therefore proceeded to take a ten-days' recess, thereby putting \$100 apiece into their pockets, and running up a bill of over \$30,000 for the State, to cover an utterly needless and inexcusable vacation. Legislators are apt to complain that the public does not evince due respect for its law-makers; but so long as they continue their usual performances, among which the present one is scarcely exceptional, they have only themselves to blame for the low estimate in which they are held.

A LEADING feature of the West Point Commencement last week was the farewell speech of General Sherman, who will not again visit the Academy in an official capacity. The general always speaks felicitiously, but on this occasion there was a peculiar pathos in his remarks, and every hearer was sensibly affected by them. He referred to the time when he was himself a cadet, and recalled tenderly the names of comrades of that day who, having done their duty faithfully in life's battle, have passed on to their reward; and then, turning to the graduates before him, summoned them to be "strong and manly," to model their lives after those of the good and great, and so themselves become heroes as God may give them opportunity. It is to be hoped that the graduates thus wisely counseled may heed the advice of the distinguished soldier who, in every position he has filled, and every crisis of the time in which he has lived, has shown himself a single-hearted patriot—loyal in his own career to the ideal he holds up for others.

THE policy of rendering the Indians self-supporting makes steady progress. Secretary Teller has taken a new step, by declaring his intention to purchase stock cattle for the red men whenever he can, and encourage them to become cattle raisers. The experiment has already been tried with the Navajos of New Mexico, and has proved an entire success. In 1869 the Government furnished them with 14,000 sheep and 1,000 goats, at a cost of \$30,000, and the number has now increased to 900,000 sheep and 200,000 goats. In 1881 the wool clipped amounted to 1,000,000 pounds, and 200,000 pounds were manufactured into blankets. The result is that, while before the purchase of the sheep and goats, the appropriations for this tribe amounted to nearly \$200,000 a year, they are now self-supporting. At least half of the Indian reservations are better adapted to stock-raising than agriculture, and the Indians take much more kindly to herding than farming, so that there is every reason for such an extension of the system as is now proposed.

SEVEN hundred and sixty Irish emigrants, shipped to this country by the British Government, arrived at this port in one day last week. Of the entire number, only 30 per cent. were able-bodied men; the remainder were children and old men and women. Each emigrant, young and old, had received \$25 from the British Government, of which all but six dollars and a half went for passage-money, leaving that meagre sum as the capital with which to commence life in this country. What is to become of these people? Some of them have found employment, but many of them are wholly unfitted for work, and some others, even if opportunity to better their condition should offer, will probably remain idle, and find their way to the almshouse, to become a burden upon the public here and elsewhere. Are we called upon to support paupers whose pauperism is the result of conditions for which we are in no sense responsible? If Great Britain must deport her starving peasantry, why are they not sent to her own colonies—to Australia or Canada, or some other point where the British flag floats? The subject is one which certainly demands attention at the hands of our Government, and whatever action may be considered necessary should be taken at once. It is announced that other shiploads of these poor unfortunates are to be dispatched from time to time, and any protest from us, to be effectual, must be made immediately and with emphasis.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

XL.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

THERE are those who when it suits their purpose say that there are no natural rights, but that all rights spring from the grant of the sovereign political power. It were waste of time to argue with such persons. There are some facts so obvious as to be beyond the necessity of argument. And one of these facts, attested by universal consciousness, is that there are rights as between man and man which existed before the formation of government, and which continue to exist in spite of the abuse of government; that there is a higher law than any human law—to wit, the law of the Creator, impressed upon and revealed through nature, which is before and above human laws, and upon conformity to which all human laws must depend for their validity. To deny this is to assert that there is no standard whatever by which the rightfulness or wrongfulness of laws and institutions can be measured; to assert that there can be no actions in themselves right and none in themselves wrong; to assert that an edict which commanded mothers to kill their children should receive the same respect as a law prohibiting infanticide.

These natural rights, this higher law, form the only true and sure basis for social organization. Just as, if we would construct a successful machine, we must conform to physical laws, such as the law of gravitation, the law of combustion, the law of expansion, etc.; just as, if we would maintain bodily health, we must conform to the laws of physiology; so, if we would have a peaceful and healthful social state, we must conform our institutions to the great moral laws—laws to which we are absolutely subject, and which are as much above our control as are the laws of matter and of motion. And as, when we find that a machine will not work, we infer that in its construction some law of physics has been ignored or defied, so when we find social disease and political evils may we infer that in the organization of society moral law has been defied and the natural rights of man have been ignored.

These natural rights of man are thus set forth in the American Declaration of Independence as the basis upon which alone legitimate government can rest:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as shall seem to them most likely to affect their safety and happiness."

So does the preamble to the Constitution of the United States appeal to the same principles:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, and promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

And so, too, is the same fundamental and self-evident truth set forth in that grand Declaration of the Rights of Man, issued by the National Assembly of France in 1789:

"The representatives of the people of France, formed into a National Assembly, considering that ignorance, neglect, or contempt of human rights are the sole causes of public misfortunes and corruptions of government, have resolved to set forth, in a solemn declaration, those natural, imprescriptible and inalienable rights, and 'do recognize and declare, in the presence of the Supreme Being, and with the hope of His blessing and favor, the following sacred rights of men and of citizens:

"I. Men are born and always continue free and equal in respect to their rights. Civil distinctions, therefore, can only be founded on public utility.

"II. The end of all political associations is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man, and these rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance of oppression."

It is one thing to assert the eternal principles, as they are asserted in times of upheaval, when men of convictions come to the front, and another thing for a people just emerging from the night of ignorance and superstition, and enslaved by habits of thought formed by injustice and oppression, to adhere to and carry them out. The French people have not been true to these principles, nor yet, with far greater advantages, have we. And so, though the ancient régime, with its blasphemy of "right divine," its Bastille and its *lettres de cachet*, have been abolished in France; there has been red terror and white terror, Anarchy masquerading as Freedom, and Imperialism deriving its sanction from universal suffrage, culminating in such a poor thing as the French Republic of to-day. And here, with our virgin soil, with our exemption from foreign complications, and our freedom from powerful and hostile neighbors, all we can show is another poor thing of a Republic, with its rings and its bosses, its railroad kings controlling sovereign States, its gangrene of corruption eating steadily towards the political heart, its tramps and its strikes, its ostentation of ill-gotten wealth, its children toiling in factories, and its women working out their lives for bread!

It is possible for men to see the truth, and assert the truth, and to hear and repeat, again and again, formulas embodying the truth, without realizing all that that truth involves. Men who signed the Declaration of Independence, or applauded the Declaration of Inde-

(Concluded on page 282.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE bodies of two women who died in this city last week were cremated.

NINE tenements in Mulberry Street, in this city, are tenanted by 778 Italians of the poorest class.

GENERAL ALEXANDER SHAVER has been confirmed as President of the Board of Health of this city.

THE United States Fish Commission has sent 2,800,000 young shad to Louisiana, for distribution in the waters of that State.

THERE were 165 failures in the United States during the past week, being 61 more than the corresponding week last year.

THE Civil Service Commission has almost completed arrangements for beginning the work of examination for Government offices.

THIRTY murderers are to be tried at the present term of the County Court at Llano, Texas. State troops are guarding the court officers.

THE trouble between the factions of Creek Indians has been revived, and one man has been killed and two or three others wounded.

THE value of our exports of provisions, tallow and dairy products during May was \$6,265,415, and for the past five months, \$43,838,004.

A NUMBER of Mormon converts in Rutherford, N. C., were publicly baptized one day last week in a state of complete nudity. Seven of the converts were women.

THE Prohibitionists of Ohio have nominated a full State ticket, headed by Ferdinand Schumacher for Governor. In Maine the same party have organized for an active campaign.

THE Society of All Souls' Church, New York, has extended a call to the Rev. Theodore G. Williams, of the Unitarian Church of Worcester, Mass., as the successor of Rev. Dr. Bellows.

THE Continental Guards of New Orleans reached Boston last week as the guests of the National Lancers of that city. They will visit several other Northern cities at the invitation of local military organizations.

It is said that within the past six weeks several large orders for improved rifles and for vast supplies of ammunition have been distributed here among at least four manufacturing companies by agents of China, who recently arrived in this country.

It is said that some of the defendants in the recent Star Route trials threaten to bring libel suits against the *New York Times* and other leading journals. The *Times* says it will welcome such an opportunity to prove the charges it has published.

THE Harvard faculty have decided to set apart for graduate students next year four scholarships of the value of at least \$250 each, open for candidates for the degree of Ph. D. who need pecuniary assistance, and have been in residence at the University throughout the year.

A REPUBLICAN Legislative caucus in New Hampshire has nominated Edward H. Rollins for reelection as United States Senator for the short term, and Henry W. Blair, the present incumbent, for the long term. Seventy-eight Republicans declare their purpose not to vote for Mr. Rollins.

It is estimated that the cost to the Government of the Star Route trials, the first of which commenced in June of last year, will amount to \$500,000. The payments to the special attorneys employed already reach \$126,000. Of course, the expense to the defendants has been correspondingly large.

THE United States District Court at Austin, Texas, has decided that the Civil Rights Act is unconstitutional, being an infringement on the rights of the several States, and that the State tribunals alone have jurisdiction in the premises. Nineteen suits of a similar nature were dependent on the decision in this case.

SECRETARY TELLER has asked the War Department to hand over the children of the Apache murderers to him, that he may put them in the Indian schools; and he advises that the adults be tried and punished for the murders and robberies they have committed, and refuses to admit them to the reservation.

It is officially announced that the Roman Catholic Archbishops in the United States have been commanded to assemble at Rome next October to arrange the programme for the Plenary Council to be held in America. The business of the Council will only pertain to ecclesiastical offices in this country, and will not involve Irish affairs.

A GERMAN count, Adolph von der Darnenberg, has been committed to jail in St. Louis, on a charge of stealing money to meet his necessities. It is said that he is wealthy in his own country, but that his property is in the hands of a curator. He served in the German army five years, when a duel and debts got him into trouble which induced him to emigrate.

N. L. DUKES, the slanderer of Miss Nutt and the murderer of her father, but who was acquitted on his trial, was shot and killed at Uniontown, Pa., by James Nutt, the son of the murdered man, one day last week. Public sympathy seems to be in favor of the avenger, and it is thought that his conviction will be impossible. The acquittal of Dukes was a travesty of justice; the failure to convict his murderer will only add a deeper stain to the ghastly record.

Foreign.

A MISSIONARY named Schroeder has been murdered in Zululand.

THE treaty of commerce between England and Italy has been signed.

It is said that a conspiracy exists in Dublin to "remove" James Carey, the informer.

THERE is a report that Lord Granville has offered to mediate between France and Madagascar.

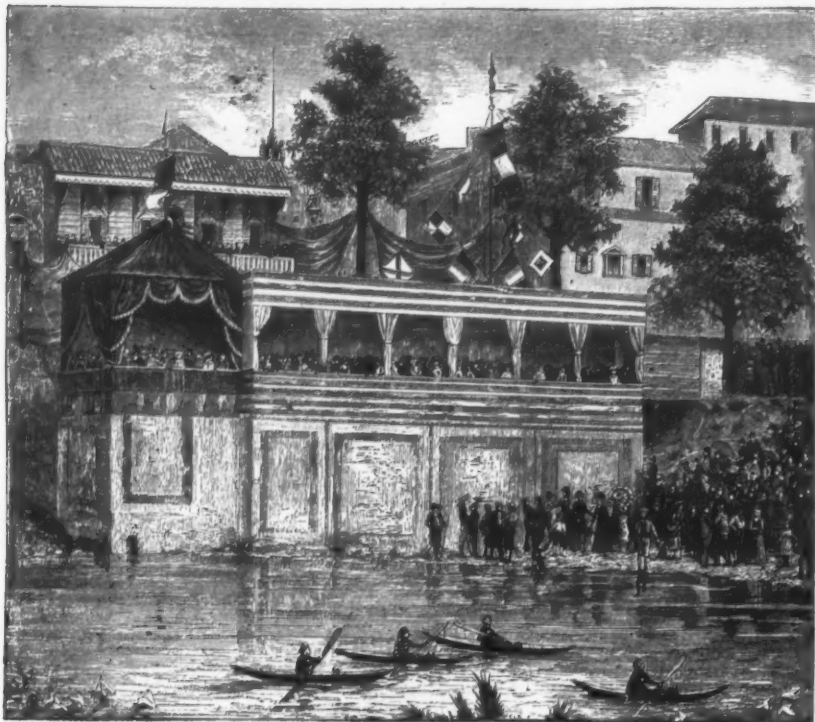
A BILL has been submitted to the Bureau of the Portuguese Cortes proposing the abolition of the hereditary Chamber of Peers.

THE village of Valloires, in France, has been destroyed by fire. The inhabitants barely escaped with their lives. All the live stock of the place perished.

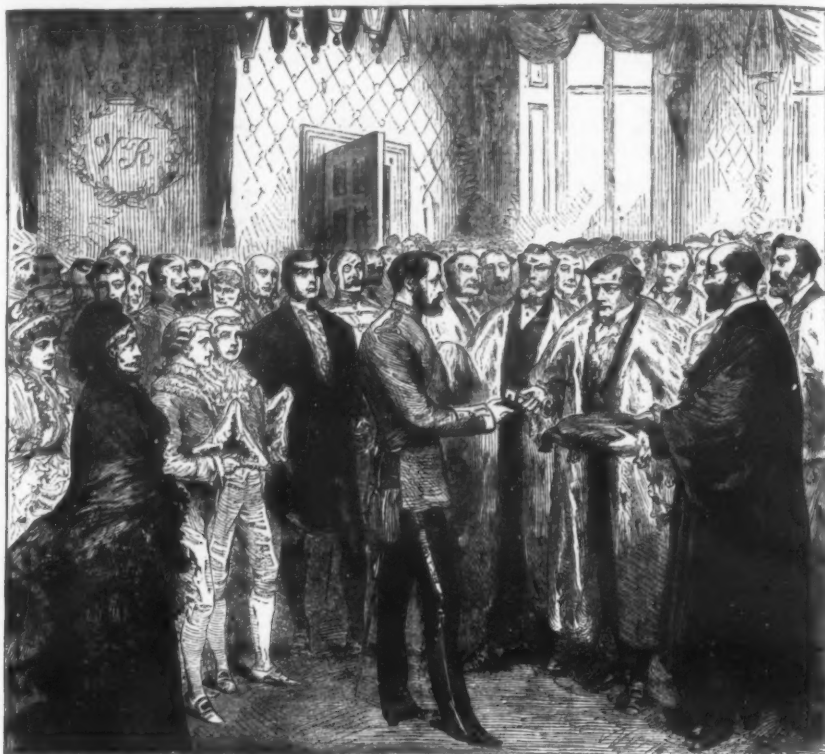
THE British House of Commons has passed the Bill providing for grants of money to Lord Alcester (Admiral Seymour) and Lord Wolseley for the services they rendered during the late war in Egypt.

It is reported from the Congo River that Mr. Henry M. Stanley has arrived at Brazzaville, the capital of his rival's domain, with 1,000 men. M. de Brazza has a force of 200 men, and has not made much progress. A collision between the explorers is regarded as not impossible.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 283.



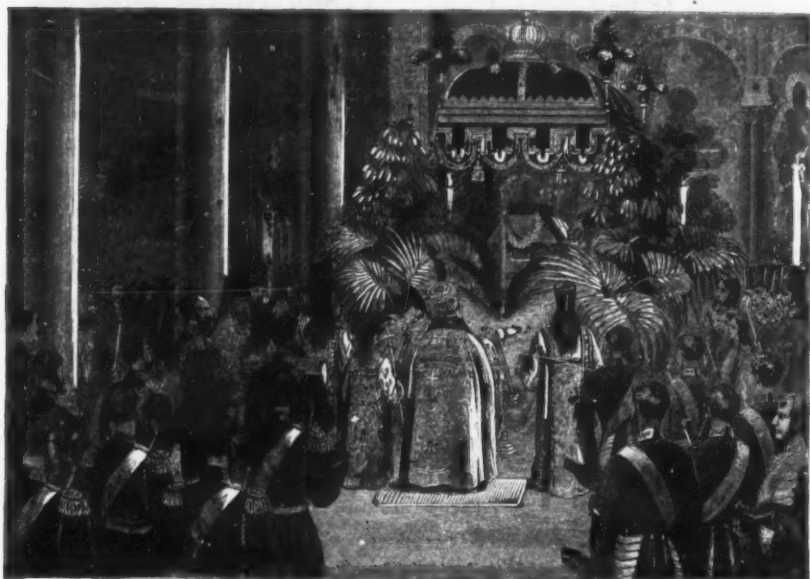
ITALY.—A CANOE REGATTA ON THE TIBER AT ROME.



GREAT BRITAIN.—OPENING OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, THE EARL OF ABERDEEN RECEIVING THE KEYS OF EDINBURGH.



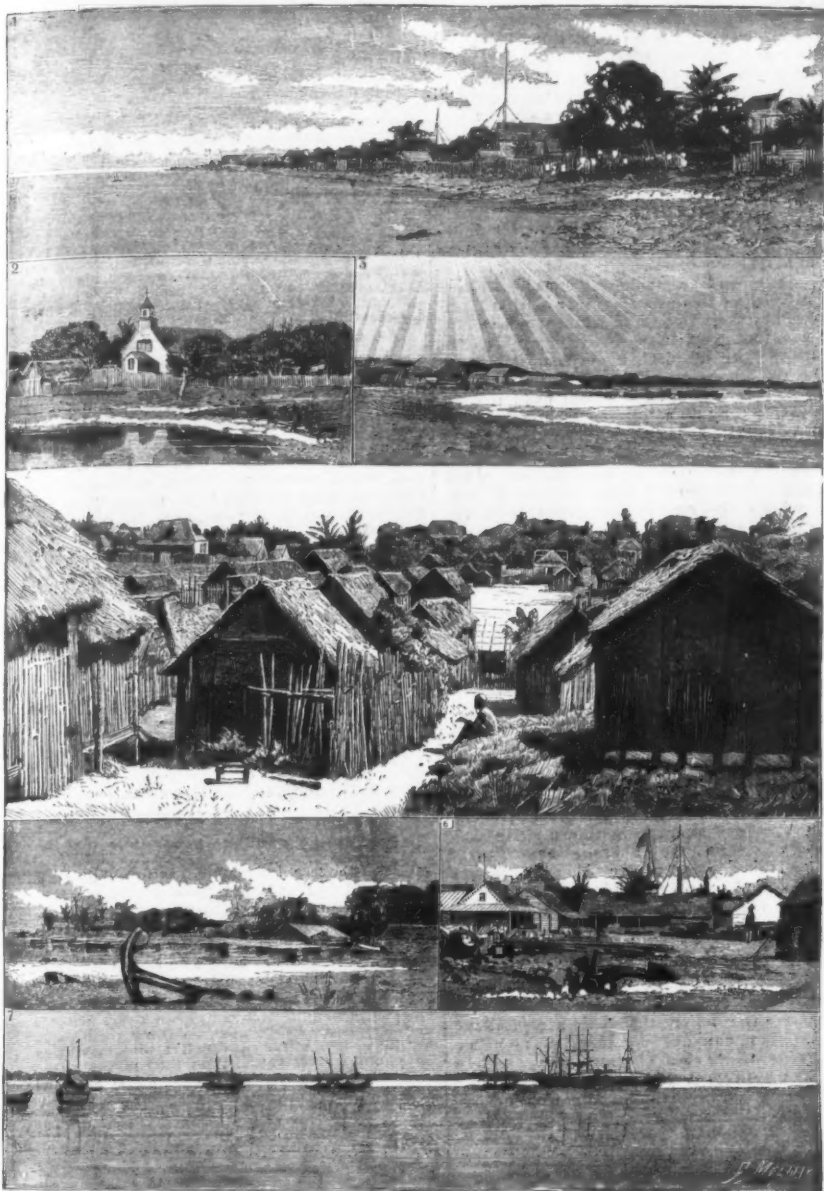
RUSSIA.—CENTENNIAL JUBILEE OF THE OCCUPATION OF THE CRIMEA—DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO THE EMPRESS CATHARINE II. IN SIMFEROPOL, APRIL 8TH.



RUSSIA.—FUNERAL SERVICES OF PRINCE A. M. GORTSCHAKOFF IN THE CHURCH OF ST. SERGIUS, ST. PETERSBURG, MAY 3D.



RUSSIA.—THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR—THE CZAR'S ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

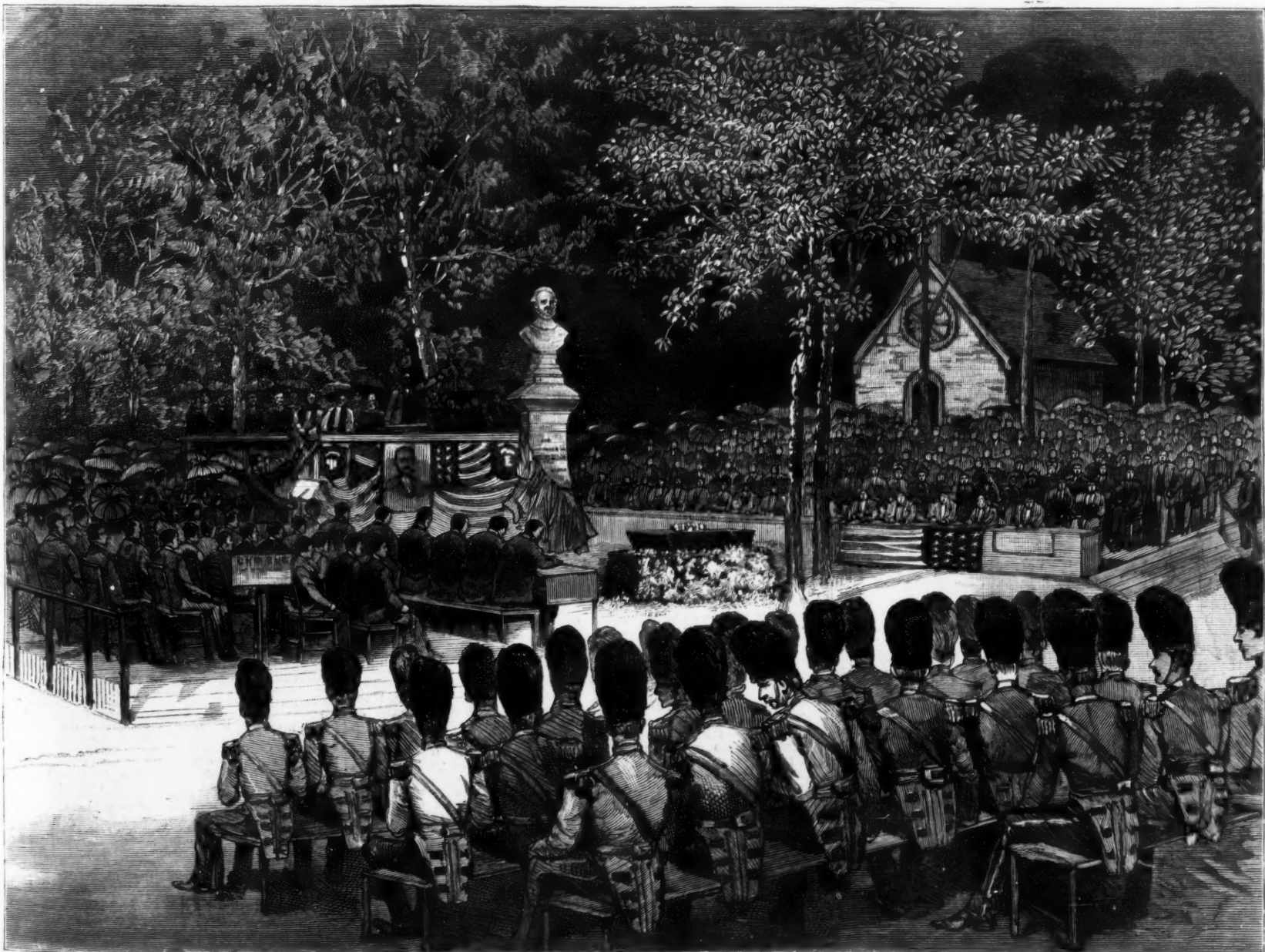


1. First View of the Consular Flags of France, England and Germany. 2. English Church. 3. View of the Roadstead and Custom-house. 4. Tanambe, burned by the Hovas. 5. The Beach. 6. Custom-house. 7. The Roadstead between Tamatave and Tanion.

THE MADAGASCAR QUESTION: TAMATAVE.—SEE PAGE 282.



GREAT BRITAIN.—TYPES OF FISHER-FOLK AT THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION IN LONDON.—SEE PAGE 282.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—FINAL INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE AT OAK HILL CEMETERY.—THE MORTUARY SERVICES AT THE MONUMENT.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

(Continued from page 279.)

pendence, men who year after year read it, and heard it, and honored it, did so without thinking that the eternal principles of right which it invoked condemned the existence of negro slavery as well as the tyranny of George III. And many who, awakening to the fuller truth, asserted the unalienable rights of man against chattel slavery, did not see that these rights involved far more than the denial of property in human flesh and blood; and as vainly imagined that they had fully asserted them when chattel slaves had been emancipated and given the suffrage, as their fathers vainly imagined they had fully asserted them, when they threw off allegiance to the English king and established here a democratic republic.

The common belief of Americans of to-day is that among us the equal and unalienable rights of man are now all acknowledged, while as for poverty, crime, low wages, "over production," political corruption, and so on, they are to be referred to the nature of things—that is to say, if any one presses for a more definite answer, they exist because it is the will of God, the Creator, that they should exist. Yet I believe that these evils are demonstrably due to our failure to fully acknowledge the equal and unalienable rights with which, as asserted as a self-evident truth by the Declaration of Independence, all men have been endowed by God, their Creator. I believe the National Assembly of France were right when, a century ago, inspired by the same spirit that gave us political freedom, they declared that the great cause of public misfortunes and corruptions of government is ignorance, neglect or contempt of human rights. And just as the famine which was then devastating France, the bankruptcy and corruption of her Government, the brutish degradation of her working classes and the demoralization of her aristocracy, were directly traceable to the denial of the equal, natural and imprescriptible rights of men, so now the social and political problems which menace the American republic, in common with the whole civilized world, spring from the same cause.

Let us consider the matter. The equal natural and unalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, does it not involve the right of each to the free use of his powers in making a living for himself and his family, limited only by the equal right of all others? Does it not require that each shall be free to make, to save and to enjoy what wealth he may, without interference with the equal rights of others; that no one shall be compelled to give forced labor to another, or to yield up his earnings to another; that no one shall be permitted to extort from another labor or earnings? All this goes without the saying. Any recognition of the equal right to life and liberty which would deny the right to property—the right of a man to his labor and to the full fruits of his labor, would be mockery.

But that is just what we do. Our so-called recognition of the equal and natural rights of man is to large classes of our people nothing but a mockery, and as social pressure increases, is becoming a more bitter mockery to larger classes, because our institutions fail to secure the rights of men to their labor and the fruits of their labor.

That this denial of a primary human right is the cause of poverty on the one side and of overgrown fortunes on the other, and of all the waste and demoralization and corruption that flow from the grossly unequal distribution of wealth, may be easily seen.

As I am speaking of conditions general over the whole civilized world, let us first take the case of another country, for we can sometimes see the faults of our neighbors more clearly than our own. England, the country from which we derive our language and institutions, is behind us in the formal recognition of political liberty; but there is as much industrial liberty there as here—and in some respects more, for England, though she has not yet reached free trade, has got rid of the "protective" swindle, which we still hug. And the English people—poor things—are, as a whole, satisfied of their freedom, and boast of it. They think, for it has been so long preached to them that they honestly believe it, that Englishmen are the freest people in the world, and they sing "Britons never shall be slaves," as though it were indeed true that no slaves could breathe British air.

Let us take a man of the masses of this people—a "free-born Englishman," coming of long generations of "free-born Englishmen," in Wiltshire or Devonshire or Somersetshire, on soil which, if you could trace his genealogy, you would find his fathers have been tilling from early Saxon times. He grows to manhood, we will not stop to inquire how, and, as is the natural order, he takes himself a wife. Here he stands, a man among his fellows, in a world in which the Creator has ordained that he should get a living by his labor. He has wants, and as, in the natural order, children come to him, he will have more; but he has in brain and muscle the natural power to satisfy these wants. He knows how to dig and plow, to sow and to reap, and there is the rich soil, ready now as it was thousands of years ago, to give back wealth to labor. The rain falls and the sun shines, and as the planet circles around her orbit, Spring follows Winter, and Summer succeeds Spring. It is this man's first and clearest right to earn his living, to transmute his labor into wealth, and to possess and enjoy that wealth for his own sustenance and benefit, and for the sustenance and benefit of those whom nature places in dependence on him. He has no right to demand any one else's earnings, nor has any one else a right to demand any portion of his earnings. He has no right to compel any one else to work for his benefit; nor has any one else a right to demand that he shall work

for their benefit. This is a natural, self-evident right, which, as a matter of principle, no one can dispute, save upon the blasphemous contention that some men were created to work for other men. And this primary, natural right to his own labor, and to the fruits of his own labor, accorded, this man can abundantly provide for his own needs and for the needs of his family. His labor will, in the natural order, produce wealth, which, exchanged according to his desires for wealth which others have produced, will supply his family with all the material comforts of life, and in the absence of serious accident, enable him to bring up his children, and lay by such a surplus that he and his wife may take their rest, and enjoy their sunset hour in the declining years when strength shall fail, without asking any one's alms or being beholden to any bounty save that of "Our Father which art in heaven."

But what is the fact? The fact is, that the right of this "free-born Englishman" to his own labor and the fruits of his labor is denied as fully and completely as though he were made by law a slave; that he is compelled to work for the enrichment of others as truly as though English law had made him the property of an owner. The law of the land does not declare that he is a slave: on the contrary, it formally declares that he is a free man—free to work for himself, and free to enjoy the fruits of his labor. But a man cannot labor without something to labor on, any more than he can eat without having something to eat. It is not in human powers to make something out of nothing. This is not contemplated in the creative scheme. Nature tells us that if we will not work we must starve; but at the same time supplies us with everything necessary to work. Food, clothing, shelter, all the articles that minister to desire and that we call wealth, can be produced by labor, but only when the raw material of which they must be composed is drawn from the land.

To drop a man in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and tell him he is at liberty to walk ashore, would not be more bitter irony than to place a man where all the land is appropriated as the property of other people and to tell him that he is a free man, at liberty to work for himself and to enjoy his own earnings. That is the situation in which our Englishman finds himself. He is just as free as he would be were he suspended over a precipice while somebody else held a sharp knife to the rope; just as free as if thirsting in a desert he found the only spring for miles walled and guarded by armed men who told him he could not drink unless he freely contracted with them on their terms. Had this Englishman lived generations ago, in the time of his Saxon ancestors, he would, when he became of age and had taken a wife, been allotted his house plot and his seed plot; he would have had an equal share in the great fields which the villagers cultivated together, he would have been free to have gathered his fagots or taken game in the common wood, or to have grazed his beasts on the common pasturage. Even a few generations ago, after the land-grabbing that began with the Tudors had gone on for some centuries, he would have found in yet existing commons some faint survival of the ancient principle that this planet was intended for all men, not for some men. But now he finds every foot of land inclosed against him. The fields which his forefathers tilled, share and share alike, is the private property of "my lord," who rents it out to large farmers on terms so high that to get ordinary interest on their capital, they must grind the faces of their laborers; the ancient woodland is inclosed by a high wall, topped with broken glass, and is patrolled by gamekeepers with loaded guns and the authority to take any intruder before the magistrate, who will send him to prison; the old-time common has become "my lord's" great park, on which his fat cattle graze, and his supple-limbed deer daintily browse. Even the old footpaths that gave short cuts from road to road, through hazel thickets and by tinkling brook, are now walled in.

But this "free-born Englishman," this Briton who never shall be a slave, cannot live without land. He must find some bit of the earth's surface on which he and his wife can rest, which they may call "home." But, save the high roads there is not as much of their native land as they may cover with the soles of their feet without some other human creature's permission; and on the high-road they would not be suffered to lie down, still less to make them a bower of leaves. So, to get a place in which to live he must get permission, and to get permission he must consent to work so many days in the month for the "owner" of the land, or what amounts to the same thing, to sell his labor or the fruits of his labor to some third party and pay the "owner" of this particular part of the planet for the privilege of living on the planet. Having thus sacrificed a part of his labor to get the permission of another fellow-creature to live, our free-born Englishman must go to work to procure food, clothing, etc. But as he cannot get to work without land to work on, he is compelled, instead of going to work for himself, to sell his labor to those who have land on such terms as they please, and those terms are only enough to just support life in the most miserable fashion—that is to say, all the produce of his labor is taken from him, and he is given back out of it just what the hardest owner would be forced to give the slave—enough to support life on. He lives in a miserable hovel, with its broken floor on the bare ground, and an ill-kept thatch, through which the rain comes. He works from morning to night, and his wife must do the same; and their children, as soon almost as they can walk, must also go to work pulling weeds, or scaring away crows, or doing such like jobs for the landowner, who graciously lets them live and work on his land. Illness often comes, and death too often. Then there is no recourse but the parish, or "My Lady Bountiful," the wife, or daughter, or almoner

of "the God Almighty of the county-side," as Tennyson calls him, the owner (if not the maker) of the world in these parts, who does out in insulting and degrading charity some little stint of the wealth appropriated from the labor of this family and of other such families. If he does not "conduct himself lowly and reverently towards his betters," if he does not pull his poor hat off his sheepish head whenever "my lord," or "my lady," or "his honor," or any of their understrappers, go by; if he does not bring up his children in the humility which these people think proper and becoming in the "lower classes"; if there is suspicion that he may have helped himself to an apple, or snared a hare, or slyly hooked a fish from the stream, this "free-born Englishman" loses charity and loses work. He must go on the parish or starve. He becomes bent and stiff before his time. His wife is old and worn, when she ought to be in her prime of strength and beauty. His girls—such as live—marry such as he, to lead such lives as their mother's, or perhaps are seduced by their "betters," and sent, with a few pounds, to a great town, to die in a few years in brothel, or hospital, or prison. His boys grow up ignorant and brutish; they cannot support him when he grows old, even if they would, for they do not get back enough of the proceeds of their labor. The only refuge for the pair in their old age is the almshouse, where, for shame to let them starve on the roadside, these worked out slaves are kept to die, where the man is separated from the wife, and the old couple, over whom the parson of the church by law established has said, "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder," lead, apart from each other, a prison-like existence until death comes to their relief.

In what is the condition of such a "free-born Englishman" as this better than that of a slave? Yet if this is not a fair picture of the condition of the English agricultural laborers it is only because I have not dwelt upon the darkest shades—the sordid ignorance and brutality, the low morality of these degraded and debased classes. In quantity and quality of food, in clothing and housing, in ease and recreation, and in morality, there can be no doubt that the average Southern slave was better off than the average agricultural laborer in England to-day—that his life was healthier and happier and fuller. So long as a plump, well kept, hearty negro was worth \$1,000, no slaveowner, selfish or cold-blooded as he might be, would keep his negroes as great classes of "free-born Englishmen" must live. But these white slaves have no money-value. It is not the labor, it is the land that commands the labor, that has a capitalized value. You can get the labor of men for from nine to twelve shillings a week, less than it would cost to keep a slave in good marketable condition, and of children for sixpence a week, and when they are worked out they can be left to die or "go on the parish."

The negroes, some say, are an inferior race. But these white slaves of England are of the stock that has given England her scholars and her poets, her philosophers and statesmen, her merchants and inventors, who have formed the bulwark of the sea-girt isle, and have carried the meteor flag round the world. They are ignorant and degraded and debased; they live the life of slaves and die the death of paupers, simply because they are robbed of their natural rights.

In the same neighborhood in which you may find such people as these, in which you may see squalid laborers' cottages where human beings huddle together like swine, you may see grand mansions set in great, velvet, oak-graced parks, the habitations of local "Gods Almighty," as Tennyson calls them, and as these brutalized English people seem almost to take them to be. They never do any work—they pride themselves upon the fact that for hundreds of years their ancestors have never done any work; they look with the utmost contempt not merely upon the man who works, but even upon the man whose grandfather was in trade. Yet they live in the utmost luxury. They have town houses and country houses, horses, carriages, liveried servants, yachts, packs of hounds; they have all that wealth can command in the way of literature and education and the culture of travel. And they have wealth to spare, which they can invest in railway shares, or public debts, or in buying up land in the United States. But not an iota of this wealth do they produce. They get it because, it being conceded that they own the land, the people who do produce wealth must hand their earnings over to them.

Here clear and plain is the beginning and primary cause of that inequality in the distribution of wealth which, in England, produces such dire, soul destroying poverty, side by side with such wantonness of luxury, and which is to be seen in the cities no less than in the country.

THE STATUE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

THE quaint little Virginia town of Lexington, where General Lee passed his last years as President of Washington and Lee University, is looking forward with great anticipations to the 28th of June, when a statue to his memory will be unveiled. Many of the Confederate leaders are expected to be present, including Mr. Davis, if his health will permit. General Joseph E. Johnston, as President of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, will preside. Bishop Pinckney, of Maryland, will open the ceremonies in the University chapel. Major John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, the recent Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, and an orator of admirable gifts, will address the audience. Deputations from all parts of the country have announced their intention of coming. Old soldiers, old generals, relics of old regiments and brigades, bringing their tattered colors and their battered artillery, will animate the charming woods and grassy heights about the town.

General Lee's body rests in the mausoleum attached to the University chapel, which was built by

the Lee Memorial Association at a cost of \$12,000. The statue, which is the work of Mr. Valentine, is a life-size recumbent figure in white Vermont marble, drawing its inspiration from a similar figure over the tomb of the Queen of Prussia, at Charlottenburg, by Roubin, and from Hoffmann's memorial tomb of the Duchess of Nassau, at Wiesbaden. It lies in a sepulchral chamber designed for it. The floor of the chamber is tessellated in white veined marble and encaustic tiles; the walls are paneled with slabs of grayish Indiana marble, set in frame of dark-red Baltimore pressed brick, and there are semi-circular compartments above the panels where medallions in *basso relievo* of the Confederate generals may be placed. The light falls from above through a ceiling of semi-translucent, compartmented glass, that strikes the outstretched marble figure at an admirable angle, filling the room and illuminating the figure with a soft but powerful radiance. Seen in perspective from the chapel, through heavy silken curtains, the mortuary chamber, with its uplifted illuminated memorial, presents a view of peculiar and striking artistic effect. The slumberer—for the General lies on his narrow military couch asleep, one hand resting on his bosom, the other touching his sword—is at perfect peace with the world; the sculptured draperies fall with graceful and lifelike ease about the slumber-mantled form; the face, in its expressive strength and tranquillity, is turned slightly towards the rostrum of the chapel.

THE MADAGASCAR QUESTION.

FRANCE dates her interest in Madagascar from the seventeenth century. In 1810 England "annexed" the Isle of France. The Peace of Paris, however, gave the island back to France. Since that period, according to French statements, English intrigue has not been idle. Queen Hovas was, despite the plotting of "perfidious Albion," true to France, but Ranavalao II. took an English view of affairs, and made matters extremely unpleasant for the sons of Gaul. The Queen of Barotou has proved recalcitrant, and, with some of the native princes, caused insult to be offered to the flag of France. This was intolerable; the French Consul quitted Tananarivo for Tamatave, having previously ordered Queen Binar's flag to be hauled down. This incident has led to the visit to France of the Hovas Ambassadors, but these diplomatic personages have, as yet, failed to interest any nation but France in the little family quarrel. We give illustrations of the principal ports of Madagascar; the roadstead; to the right the mast from which the French flag was hauled down by order of the Queen; the English church, the custom-house, Tanambé, a village recently burned down by the Hovas; the beach at Tamatave, and the French customs boat.

REPRESENTATIVE FISHER-FOLK.

ONE of the most interesting features of the opening week of the International Fisheries Exhibition in London was the presence of 400 representative fishermen from all parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland—great, brown-bearded fellows in Jersey and sou'westers and overalls and seaboots. There were present besides fisher-girls from Scotland, France (Boulogne), Holland (Scheveningen), and Belgium (Ostend). The Newhaven fisher maidens were especially conspicuous in their picturesque costumes, and attracted much attention during the opening ceremonies, when they presented the Princess of Wales with a silver figure of one of themselves. In the Dutch and Belgian courts the royal party, in making the official tour of the buildings, were greeted by the fisher-maidens of those nationalities, the latter scattering rose-leaves before the ladies. The fisher-folk were the recipients of many courtesies at the hands of the members of the royal family and prominent society people, receptions being given in their honor, and the conspicuous sights of London thrown open to their inspection. Their visit to the metropolis afforded tens of thousands of people an opportunity for character study which could not otherwise have been enjoyed, and they will have a higher appreciation of the rugged "tollers of the sea," now that they have seen them as they are, than they have ever before entertained.

THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

ITS RESOURCES, DISCIPLINE AND BUSINESS METHODS.

NO better idea of the vastness of the metropolis, and its relations to the business of the country, can be obtained than by a visit to the New York Post Office. The imposing building, at the lower end of City Hall Park, is in itself an index of the immense proportions to which the postal service of the city has grown; but a full conception of the tremendous business transacted within its walls can only be obtained by a tour through the various departments.

The list of employees in this building includes over 700 persons, to which must be added the small army of letter carriers who make their daily rounds either from this general office or from the dozen branches in different parts of the city, no less than 543 men being employed in this service. During the year 1882 there were delivered through these carriers and through lock-boxes the wonderful total of 253,528,362 pieces of ordinary mail matter, while the number of pieces of mail matter of all kinds handled during the year was 797,481,309, being a daily average of considerably over two million pieces. This matter was contained in 526,477 lock-pouches and 1,562,173 sacks, besides which there were handled 4,019 cases and 62,116 pouches of registered matter, and 8,680 pouches and 14,321 sacks of supplies. In addition to this there also passed through the office in transit from and to other offices 49,299 pouches and 94,487 sacks of mail matter; making a total of 2,321,572 pouches cases and sacks handled at the office, or a daily average of about 7,000.

The New York Post Office was one of the first places in the country where civil service reform found a lodgment, the system of running the establishment on business principles having been inaugurated by Thomas L. James, who was at the head of the office for several years before President Garfield promoted him to the position of Postmaster-general. The system has been continued under the administration of his son-in-law and successor, Henry G. Pearson, the present Postmaster, and its wisdom has been abundantly vindicated by its success. The whole air of the great establishment is that of a large business house, where every employe feels that his fortune depends upon the fidelity with which he discharges his duty.

A veritable human beehive does this great building appear to the visitor who is allowed to inspect all its recesses. The great central apartment, where the larger part of the work of collecting, stamping and preparing for transmission, the immense amount of matter received every day is done, presents one of the busiest scenes to be found in all this busy city. The dimensions of the postal business, however, perhaps better appear from a visit to the rooms where large cases of postal cards, stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers are received. No less than six cases of postal cards, containing 25,000 each, are sold every day, while the envelopes and wrappers sold during the year mount in each case into the tens of tons in weight, and the stamps sold during a twelvemonth, if placed in one pile, would turn the scales at nine tons. In all departments of this great establishment, Fairbanks' scales, of which over 80,000 are in use in the postal

service of the country, are taken as the standard of weight.

Scarcely less busy and interesting than the ground floor of the building is the basement, where the mail matter for transmission to other places, after being inspected and properly post-marked, is sent through long shutters to large tables, whence it is gathered up and placed in the appropriate mail-bags. From the basement the loaded bags are raised to the level of the street on the north side of the building by means of elevators, and there loaded upon wagons, by which they are sent to the various depots. Load after load of well-filled bags is pushed to the elevator and started on its way throughout the country, and still the shutters continue their fresh loads of matter ready to go through the same process.

The work of the office is admirably systematized, and the precautions taken against the loss of any article committed to its care are most complete and efficacious. The total receipts of the office for the year 1882 were \$4,300,066.07, and the expenditures \$1,316,016.40, leaving a net revenue of \$2,984,049.67. New Yorkers are justly proud of the admirable showing made by this great office.

All the appliances required to keep the establishment in running order are provided in the building. In one section of the basement is found a repair shop, where defective mail bags are set right, and in another place different dies required for daily use are cast every twenty-four hours. The French canceling stamps, which, of course, reaches immense proportions. Instead of the slow and tedious process of old-fashioned times, a machine is used by which a skillful workman can imprint the canceling mark upon envelopes at a rate of speed that appears almost incredible.

The main features of the office are portrayed in the sketches elsewhere published, which illustrate the broad scope of its activities. Among the features which will doubtless appear strange to the casual reader is the medical inspection, every applicant for a position in the carrier service being subjected to a careful physical examination. The transfer of the Australian mail to the outgoing Gulf steamer is another interesting feature of the work. It not unfrequently happens that when these mails are expected overland from San Francisco, steamers are held for a few hours in order that these mails may be carried to England without loss of time, and in this way mails from that far-off continent reach their destination by way of America more speedily than by the old Suez route. Latterly, the heavier mails are principally sent by the American route.

The dormitory on the top floor of the building is supplied with a large number of plain but com-

are of the Mongolian family, not unlike the Chinese. They are quiet and indolent and unwarlike. Many Chinese merchants are resident in the country, who carry on a trade in rice, indigo and silk. In 189 the French took Saigon, in the extreme southern district, and after a war prolonged over four years succeeded in driving the Anamese out of the province, of which France took possession, and it is now the most important French colony on the coast and known as French Cochinchina. By the treaty then made three ports in Tonquin were to be opened to French trade and Christianity permitted throughout the country.

The story of the present troubles arises out of the exploits of a restless adventurer named Dupuis, who arrived in Shanghai just as Admiral Hope was about to proceed up the Yang-tze to select the three ports to be opened to foreign commerce in pursuance of the treaty of Tien-Tsin. Dupuis settled at Hankow, the highest of these towns, where he studied Chinese. Here he directed his attention to the southern provinces of China, and determined to seek an exit down the Sangho, which rises in Southern China and flows into the China Sea through Tonquin. After a series of adventures he discovered that the river was navigable, and in 1872 he arrived off its mouth with a small fleet of steam and sailing vessels. He then discovered the channel which brought him to Hanoi. He attacked and took the town from the Anamese. The French then sent out Lieutenant Garnier with 100 men, who conquered all the fortified places on the Sangho. Garnier was killed in a sortie from the citadel. His successor came to terms with the Anamese, and made a treaty the breach of which is the cause of the present war. M. Charles Brun, the French Minister of Marine, in reporting the recent attack on Hanoi, stated that 2,000 Chinese regulars had started from Tien-Tsin for the south. The mission of M. Hergaradee from the French Government is the bearer of a letter from President Grévy to the King of Anam pointing out that His Majesty's inability to preserve peace in the province has compelled France to take measures to establish herself definitely there. France claims the right to establish custom-houses, to control the foreign relations of Anam, and to impose taxes to cover the cost of the expedition. The occupation is not to extend beyond the Delta of the Red River or Sangho. The killing of Commander Riviere by the natives at a spot indicated on the map a few miles from Hanoi has still further exasperated French sentiment. The proposals of the French Government virtually wrest the suzerainty of Anam from China and appropriate it to France. France is evidently embarking in one of those wars which seem so small but turn out so costly and worthless. Our readers will see, from a

to open the General Assembly of the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland. On the day of its opening the Lord High Commissioner drives in great state, with a military escort, from Holyrood Palace, preceded in their carriages by the Lord Provost and magistrates, and others officially connected with the government of the city. A great multitude of the population turn out to see this procession. The scene represented in our illustration, however, is that of the delivery of the keys of the Edinburgh city to the Lord High Commissioner by the Lord Provost of the city. The Lord High Commissioner has this year, in addition to his ordinary functions at the General Assembly, performed the interesting ceremony of reopening St. Giles's Cathedral Church, after its interior restoration, at the cost of the late Dr. William Chambers.

The Russian Coronation.

The official entry of the Czar and Czarina into Moscow on the 22d ult. was marked by great pomp and display. Along the route for a distance of four miles the houses had been most gorgeously decorated; Venetian masques had been erected and crowned with flowing banners, and hung with the arms of the various Russian provinces; historical pictures constantly met the eye; arches of evergreens gave a freshness to the picturesque scene; the religious element was prominent from the number of *ikons* or sacred pictures of the Greek Church profusely exhibited, while a dense crowd, of every class and every rank, in every possible costume, thronged houses and balconies, pavements, and all available spots whence a view could be obtained. At the city gate the Czar was duly welcomed by the Mayor and Municipality, and after the briefest of delays wended its slow way along the Tverskaya, being greeted with the utmost enthusiasm by all. The procession has been described as one of the grandest pageants of modern days, from its variety and its wealth of costume and color. First came the Czar's personal escort of Cossacks and Don Cossacks, and close upon their heels the representatives from the Asiatic provinces of the Czar in all their barbaric splendor, and riding richly caparisoned steeds. Rough-looking Cossack deputies came next, and then a body of Boyars—the landed nobility of Russia. Gorgeously liveried lackeys followed, then a troop of huntmen, and after this a flood of court and official dignitaries of various kinds, mounted, or in gorgeous gala carriages. Then, ushered by the deafening shouts of the populace, and preceded by heavily armored cuirassiers with eagle-crowned helmets, came the Czar, in the dark-green uniform of an infantry general, and wearing the national sheepskin caftan, which he has ordered shall be

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD, the well-known temperance advocate, has gone to the Sandwich Islands.

SENATOR ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, has so far improved in health as to be out every day, very much as usual before his illness.

MR. PARNELL will visit the United States about the close of August. He will be accompanied by Mr. Thomas Healy and Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

SENATOR BAYARD, of Delaware, has accepted an invitation to preside at the Newburg Centennial exercises at Washington's Headquarters in October next.

SENATOR JONES, of Florida, who is a native of Dublin, was given a banquet by the Irish members of Parliament, Mr. Parnell presiding, a few days ago.

MRS. MACKAY, the wife of the bonanza millionaire, is accompanied whenever she goes in public by a private detective, for the protection of her diamonds.

W. W. THOMAS, the new Minister to Sweden, can speak readily in the Norwegian tongue, and is known as the father of the Swedish colony in Northern Maine.

MR. JOHN W. GARRETT, the railroad king of Baltimore, has sent his fine Arabian horse, Damascus, valued at \$50,000, as a present to King Humbert of Italy.

CHARLES H. HOLMES, of Copefield, is the tallest man in Massachusetts, his height being six feet eight inches. He is the son of the once distinguished Ex-Senator Holmes, of Maine.

MR. S. G. W. BENJAMIN, the newly appointed United States Minister to Persia, has arrived at Teheran and presented his credentials to the Shah, from whom he received a cordial welcome.

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD HARTS, of Troy, N. Y., has presented the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, as a memorial of her late husband, with \$60,000 to endow a professorship of Rational and Technical Mechanics.

EDGAR A. POE's former home at Fordham, N. Y., was bought by Milton Strang, an heir of the estate, a few days ago, for \$5,700. The cottage is among old trees and by a road, the walls of which are moss-covered.

ROSCOE CONKLING declines to make an address at Richfield Springs July 4th, saying: "My time, night and day, is all in my professional work, and all the labor I can get out of myself is due to my clients for months to come."

CAPTAIN COSTENTINUS, the tattooed Greek, is already blind in one eye, and will eventually lose the sight of the other, as the pigments used in tattooing his forehead have slowly worked their way into the vessels of the eyes.

It is said that when the present President of the French Republic was christened, his sponsors bestowed upon him the strangely promiscuous and indefinite nomenclature of François Judith Paul. But he calls himself simply Jules.

BISHOP LAVAL, of Quebec, will probably be canonized. A petition has been sent to the Pope covering more than one thousand pages of foolscap, and twelve persons testify that they have obtained cures from sickness through his intercession.

THE personal property assessment roll of San Francisco, Cal., foots up \$57,014,865, an increase of \$7,827,870 over last year. Among the largest individual assessments are Mrs. Mary F. S. Hopkins, \$661,590; Charles Crocker, \$549,325; and Levi Stanford, \$547,615.

CHARLES KINGSLEY's daughter, Mrs. Harrison, is about to settle in the district which her father made famous in "Westward Ho!" as her husband has just been appointed to the vicarage of Clodelly, the quaint and beautiful seaside village which Canon Kingsley so passionately loved.

It is stated that the net proceeds of Mrs. Langtry's tour in this country and Canada amount to \$130,000. She will return to England in July. A great part of the Summer will be spent in Paris, where she will pursue her dramatic studies under Regnier. She will return to this country in the Fall.

ARISTIDE MARIE, of New Orleans, is said to be the wealthiest colored man in America. He owned many slaves before the war, and his income from the rents of his property in New Orleans is not less than \$50,000 a year. Besides this, he has a large personal estate. Mr. Marie lives abroad about half of each year.

MINISTER HUNT and Admiral Baldwin have each received a large gold medal commemorative of the Czar's coronation. Admiral Baldwin also received a gold snuff-box, with a portrait of the Czar set in brilliants, to mark the Czar's personal appreciation of the courtesy of the United States in sending a special naval mission to Moscow.

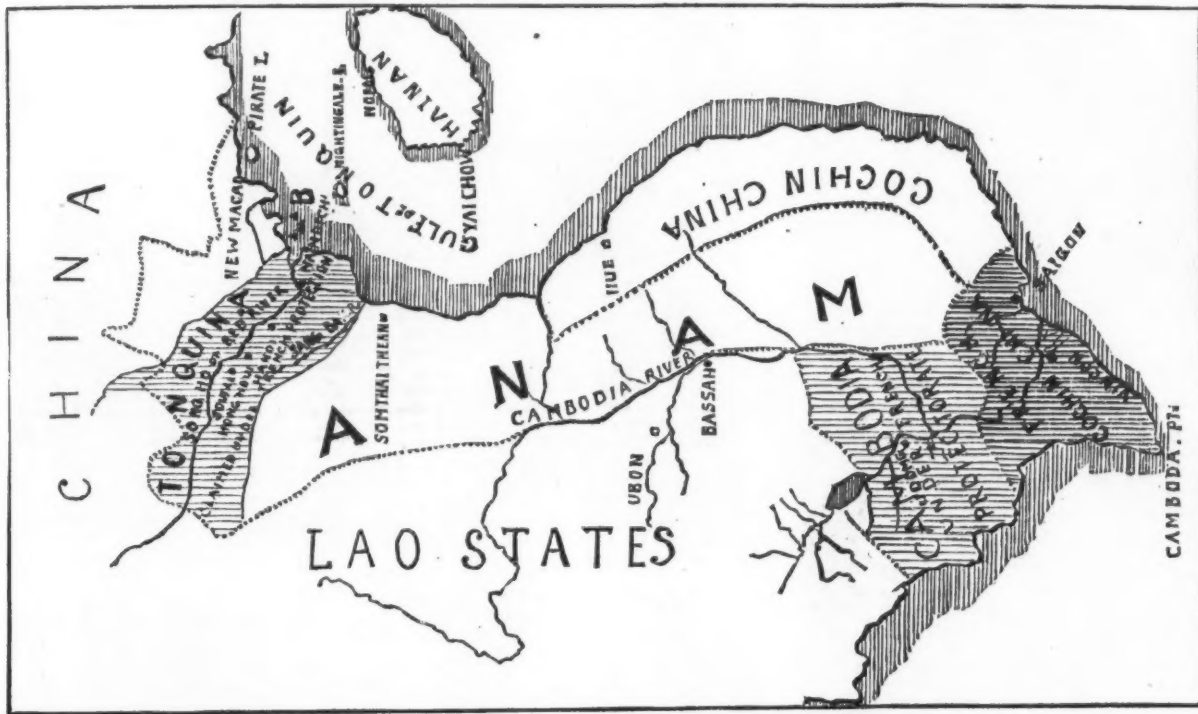
THE legatees of the late Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, have performed an uncommon but most graceful act. Finding that a member of Mr. Stone's relatives, including some to whom he had been especially partial, had been strangely overlooked in his will, they unanimously agreed to set apart each a certain proportion of his or her bequest, and thus make up an equitable amount for each one not provided for.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Mobile, Ala., to raise funds to erect a monument to "Admiral" Raphael Semmes, and Mr. James Smith, a wealthy shipowner of Glasgow, Scotland, who was an ardent sympathizer of the Southern cause, has given \$100 for the purpose. Mr. Smith's brother was killed at Green River, and recently Mr. Smith purchased the site of that battlefield and presented it to the Southern Historical Society.

REV. DR. WM. M. PAXTON, of the first Presbyterian Church of New York city, has resigned his pulpit to accept the Chair of Ecclesiastical, Homiletical and Pastoral Theology in Princeton College, which was filled from 1813 to 1849 by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller, who, previous to 1813, had occupied the pulpit of the church now vacated by Dr. Paxton. The first Presbyterian Church of New York city has been represented at Princeton in some way since 1813.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Queen's delicate nervous condition, she drove, within an hour of her arrival at Balmoral, with the Princess Beatrice, to Craibie Kirk-yard, for the purpose of inspecting John Brown's grave. She has since paid a special visit to the house built for Brown at Balmoral, which she ordered to be permanently closed. This morbid anxiety for the preservation of all relics of her late body-servant is thought by many to be an evidence of mental decay on the part of the Queen.

MR. HENRY WATTERSON, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, writes that Mr. Tilden, to whom he recently paid a visit, is in robust health. "His eyes were bright and his cheeks rosy; his intellect as lively and clear and his wit as incisive as they were when he made nothing of riding Blackstone to Harlem and back or driving the Kentucky boys from Gracery Park to Greystone." Mr. Watterson adds: "Nothing passed between us which leads me to modify the opinion I have so often expressed, that no power on earth could induce him to accept the Presidency."



A. Point where Commander Riviere was killed. B. Position of French Gunboats.
TONQUIN.—MAP SHOWING THE SEAT OF WAR, PREPARED BY B. HARDWICK, F.R.G.S.

fortable beds, which every night find occupants. This department was established for the especial convenience of clerks employed in the railway mail service, whose late hours make such a refuge most welcome. A moderate rent is charged for the use of a bed, and the system has abundantly justified its existence.

The arrangements for lighting the immense building, in which business goes on by night as well as day, are of the completest character. The apparatus employed for producing the electric light in the various departments where it is used, is furnished by the United States Electric Lighting Company, 120 Broadway, New York, and consists of four of the Weston dynamo machines for running ten arc lights each, and two 50-light incandescent machines. The special advantages of the electric light are here most clearly demonstrated. It is, in summer, of course, almost impossible to keep these rooms—so far below the surface of the ground—comfortably ventilated, and the use of gas not only renders the temperature very high but vitiates the atmosphere, as one gas-burner will consume as much oxygen as seven or eight persons. By the use of the incandescent lamps, however, this is entirely obviated, as the light is inclosed in a vacuum by a little glass bulb. The lights are extremely steady and very soft and agreeable to the eye. The use of the apparatus in this place is a very severe test, as the machinery runs about twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, and every day in the week. The plant has now been in operation somewhat more than a year without accident of any kind or expense for repairs. It is an interesting fact that the average duration of the incandescent lamps in this plant has been something like 2,000 hours, while some of the lamps have lasted as long as 4,000 hours—so that the expense of renewal has been extremely small.

One of our illustrations shows the engine and dynamo room. These machines run smoothly and noiselessly, and require scarcely any attention. The power necessary for driving them is not very great, and the saving to the Government in gas bills must be very large.

The Edison light was used here for a time; but, after a thorough trial of both systems, that of the United States Company was adopted. The same company secured the contract for lighting the Brooklyn Bridge, and now has its lights in hotels and public buildings in all parts of the city.

THE WAR IN TONQUIN.

THE empire of Anam (not Annam, as it is spelt in nearly all the dispatches) contains four provinces, Tonquin at the north, Cochinchina at the east, Laos at the south, and Cambodia (called after the Emir of that name) to the west. The people

glance at the map, that France established in Tonquin is a standing menace to Chinese interests in that quarter.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Canoe-racing on the Tiber.

The yellow Tiber, so famed in song and story, has had another interesting and exceedingly modern feature added to the charm of its classical banks. The *jeunesse dorée*, the gilded youth of Rome, have taken to canoeing, and the bosom of the Tiber, "to whom the Romans pray," has been dappled with very picturesque specimens of this tiny but muscle-developing craft. On a recent occasion the tawny river was rendered especially gay by a canoe regatta, upon which the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars gazed in stony tranquillity, while the Seven Hills echoed to the shouts of the winners, that is, would have echoed had the cheering been vociferous enough. Canoeing on the Tiber is a classical feat, and one which it will be "good form" for our traveling youths to boast of on their return to the Stars and Stripes. The Tiber Club is coming to the fore, and ere long we shall hear of the Arno and the Adige and the Po entering into friendly canoe rivalry.

Centennial Jubilee of the Occupation of the Crimea by Russia.

On April 8th (20th), the centennial of the formal annexation of the Crimea to Russia by Catherine II., the noblemen of Taurida solemnly laid at Simferopol the corner-stone of the monument to the memory of that Empress. The city was beautifully decorated, and crowds of people assembled at the site of the monument interested participants in the exercises. In the morning both in the Christian and the Mohammedan churches there were offered thanksgiving prayers. At noon Bishop Hermogen performed the solemn Te Deum and laid the corner-stone. The chorus sang "Many Years" to the present Czar and "Eternal Remembrance" to Catherine, and the military orchestra played the national hymns.

Opening the General Assembly.

The various ecclesiastical bodies of Scotland still adhere to the practice of holding their annual sittings in the month of May, and regularly as that month returns a distinguished nobleman comes, appointed as Lord High Commissioner, to represent Her Majesty in Edinburgh, when the ancient Palace of Holyrood assumes the aspect of a courtly residence. This year the Earl of Aberdeen is the Lord High Commissioner, whose special duty it is

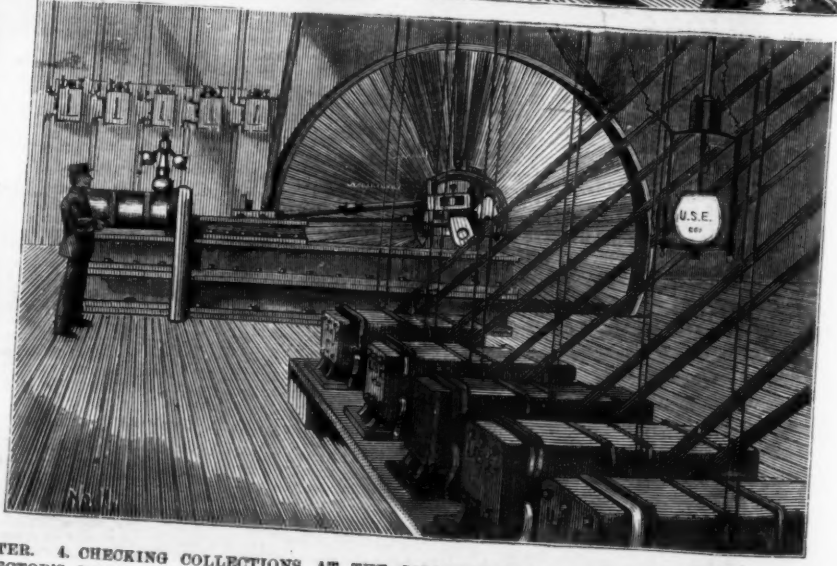
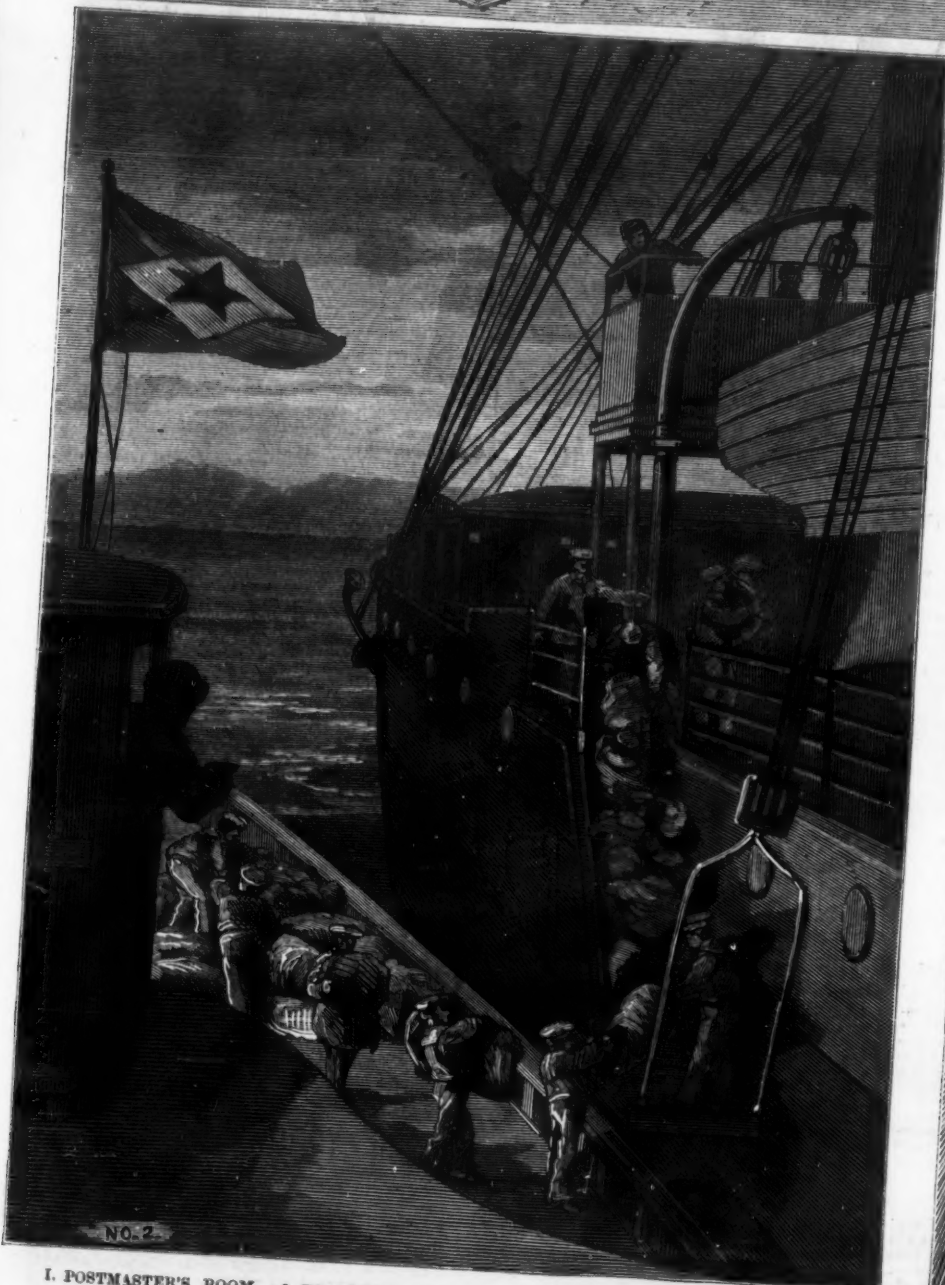
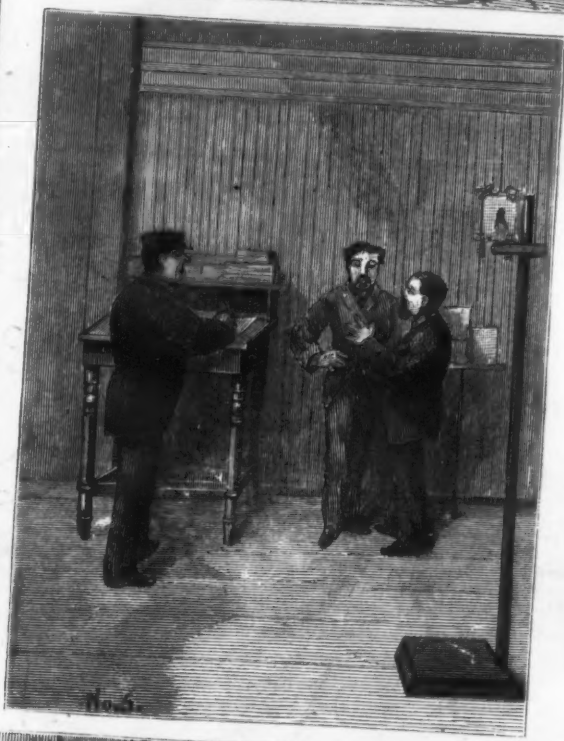
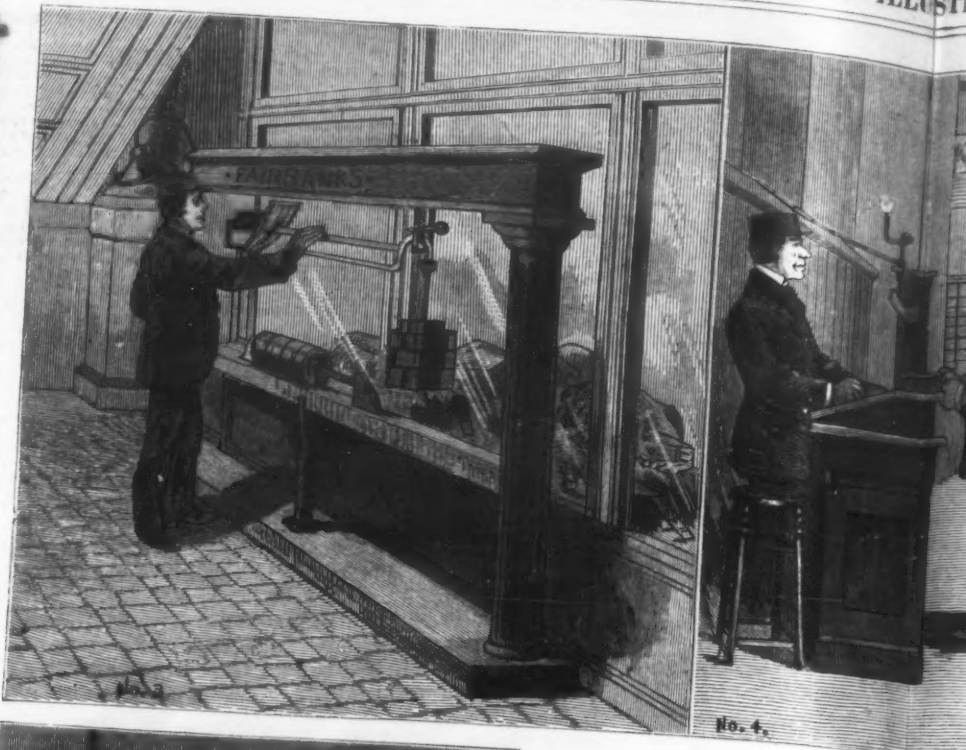
the future head-gear of the Russian Army. He rode a white horse, and bowed his thanks to the crowd, never forgetting to cross himself devoutly as he passed the priests and their holy emblems. Behind him rode a numerous suite of Grand Dukes, Princes and dignitaries. Then came the train of the ladies, and first of all the Empress, who, with her eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna, rode in a magnificent carved and gilded state coach, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, and escorted by a body of pages and aquirers. The various Grand Duchesses followed, and the procession, which took an hour to pass, closed with yet more troops and a small army of masters of ceremonies.

The Funeral of Prince Gortschakoff.

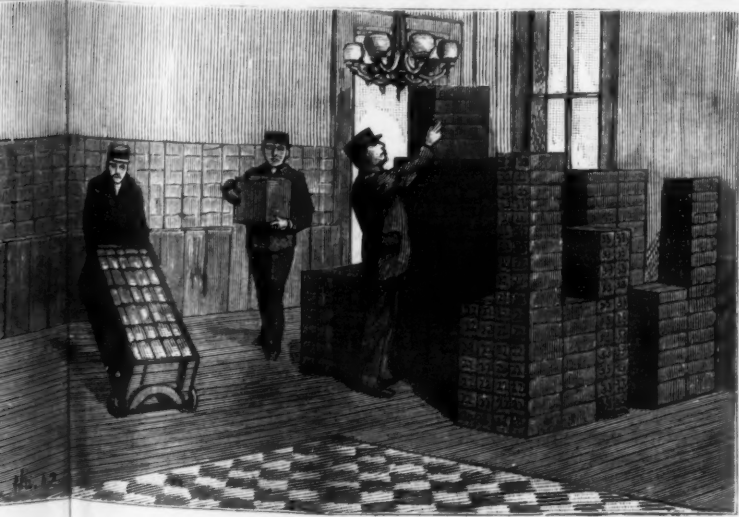
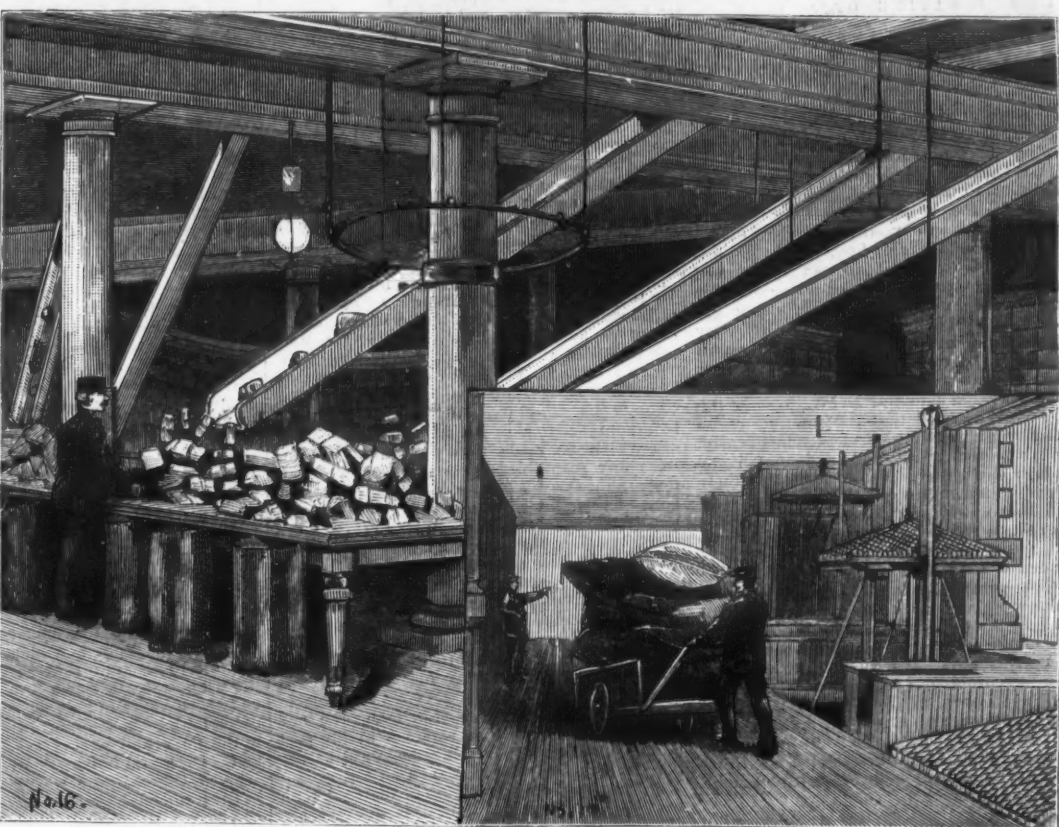
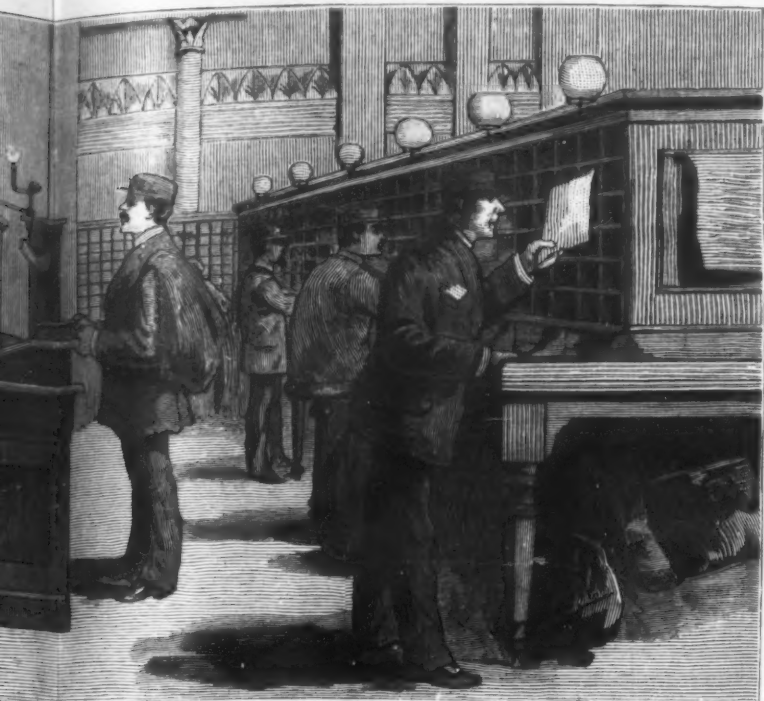
The burial of the remains of Prince Gortschakoff, late Chancellor of the Russian Empire, took place on May 5th (17) at the Cemetery of St. Sergius, in St. Petersburg. The liturgy was performed by Archimandrite Ignaty, assisted by many clergymen. Among those present at the services were the Czar; Grand Dukes Vladimir, Michael, Paul, and some others; M. de Giers, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Mr. Delianoff, Minister of Public Instruction, and many other high dignitaries of state. After the Requiem the coffin was carried to the grave by the ministers, ambassadors and generals present. Archpriest Bogoluboff delivered the funeral sermon, in which he highly eulogized the late Chancellor for his great services to his country. Many beautiful wreaths had been placed on the grave of the illustrious statesman.

Death-roll of the Week.

JUNE 9TH.—At Springfield, Mass., Chester W. Chapin, a leading railroad man and ex-Congressman, aged 64; at New Orleans, La., Dr. William E. Kennedy, a well-known physician, aged 73. JUNE 10TH.—In New York city, Dr. Noah C. Levings, a well-known physician, aged 59. JUNE 11TH.—In New York city, George F. Talman, formerly a leading business man, aged 88; at Greenbush, N. Y., Calvin Briggs, a veteran locomotive engineer. JUNE 12TH.—At Petersburg, Va., John R. Tucker, formerly of the United States, Confederate and Peruvian navies, aged 72; at Nice, France, Philip Schieffelin, a prominent druggist of New York city, aged 68. JUNE 12TH.—At New Rochelle, N. Y., Norman White, formerly a leading business man of New York, aged 78; at Hingham, N. J., Charles Bartles, a prominent citizen, aged 83. JUNE 14TH.—At Newport, R. I., Rev. Charles T. Brooks, a prominent Unitarian clergyman, aged 70; at Summerville, Ga., Charles J. Jenkins, ex-Governor, aged 78; at Maywood, Ill., Zebina Eastman, a pioneer Abolitionist, aged 68; at San Francisco, Cal., Eugene Casserly, formerly United States Senator, aged 61.



1. POSTMASTER'S ROOM. 2. TRANSFERRING THE AUSTRALIAN MAIL. 3. WEIGHING MAIL MATTER. 4. CHECKING COLLECTIONS AT THE CARRIERS' TABLES. 5. CIVIL SERVICE MEDICAL EXAMINATION. 6. PORTER. 7. THE DYNAMO ENGINE. 8. THE POSTAL-CARD ROOM. 9. THE INSPECTOR'S ROOM. 10. THE CLASSIFICATION OF MAIL MATTER BY STATES. 11. THE DORMITORY. 12. THE SHUTES. 13. NEW YORK CITY.—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR VIEWS OF THE GREAT POSTAL INSTITUTION OF THE CONTINENT—THE BU



AMINATION. 6. PORTRAIT OF POSTMASTER PEARSON. 7. SPECIAL PAYMENT BUREAU. 8. WEIGHING BY TEST WEIGHTS. 9. CANCELING STAMPS BY MACHINERY. 10. CASTING DIES FOR DAILY USE. 11. THE SHUTES. 12. LOADING THE ELEVATOR. 13. THE MAIL-RECEIVING ROOM. 14. STAPLING THE MAIL-BAGS. 15. DISPATCHING THE SUPPLEMENTARY EUROPEAN MAIL.

THE BUSINESS METHODS OF THE CITY POST OFFICE ILLUSTRATED.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 282.

THE DAYS LONG AGO.

THE grain was cut and bound
In waiting sheaves
We paced the harvest-ground,
'Mid drifted leaves,
And watched the sun's last glow—
Just you and I—
In the days long ago—
The days gone by.

We talked, as lovers will,
Of hope and bliss,
And made our pauses thrill
With kiss for kiss—
How should our young hearts know
That love can die?
In the days long ago—
The days gone by.

Ah, me! I watched the grain
Bound yesterday,
And saw, along the lane,
Two lovers stray—
With whispers soft and low,
As you and I
Strayed, in days long ago—
The days gone by!

I blessed them, as I stood,
The happy pair—
To whom Love seemed all good,
And Life all fair!
My tears—they could but flow—
Ask me not why!
For the days long ago—
The days gone by!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

HAND AND RING.

(CO-VARIANT.)

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.

THE WEAVING OF A WEB.

CHAPTER XIV.—A LAST ATTEMPT.

"When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye."
—KING JOHN.

THE sleep of Horace Byrd that night was anything but refreshing. In the first place, he was troubled about this fellow Brown, whose last impertinence had proved he was a man to be watched, and, if possible, understood. Secondly, he was haunted by a vision of the unhappy youth he had just left; seeing, again and again, both in his dreams and in the rush of heated fancies that followed his awaking, that picture of utter despair which the opening of his neighbor's door had revealed. He could not think of that poor mortal as sleeping. Whether it was the result of his own sympathetic admiration for Miss Dare, or of some subtle clairvoyance bestowed upon him by the darkness and stillness of the hour, he felt assured that the quiet watch he had interrupted by his careless importunity, had been again established, and that if he could tear down the partition separating their two rooms, he should see that bowed form and buried face crouched despairingly above the disfigured picture. The depths of human misery and the maddening passions that underlie all crime had been revealed to him for the first time, perhaps, in all their terrible suggestiveness, and he asked himself over and over as he tossed on his uneasy pillow, if he possessed the needful determination to carry on the scheme he had undertaken, in face of the unreasoning sympathies which the fathomless misery of this young man had aroused. Under the softening influences of the night, he answered, No; but, when the sunlight came and the full flush of life with its restless duties and common necessities awoke within him, he decided, Yes.

Mr. Mansell was not at the breakfast-table when Mr. Byrd came down. His duties at the mill were peremptory, and he had already taken his coffee and gone. But Mr. Brown was there, and at sight of him Mr. Byrd's caution took alarm, and he bestowed upon this intrusive busybody a close and searching scrutiny. It, however, elicited nothing in the way of his own enlightenment beyond the fact that this fellow, total stranger though he seemed, was for some inexplicable reason an enemy to himself or his plans.

Not that Mr. Brown manifested this by any offensive token of dislike or even of mistrust. On the contrary, he was excessively polite, and let slip no opportunity of dragging Mr. Byrd into the conversation. Yet, for all that, a secret influence was already at work against the detective, and he could not attribute it to any other source than the jealous efforts of this man. Miss Hart was actually curt to him, and in the attitude of the various persons about the board he detected a certain stiffness of reserve which had been entirely absent from their manner the evening before.

But what was placing, as he thought, due weight upon this fellow's animosity, he had no idea to what it would lead, till he went up-stairs. Mrs. Hart, who had hitherto treated him with the utmost cordiality, now called him into the parlor, and told him frankly that she would be obliged to him if he would let her have his room. To be sure, she qualified the seeming harshness of her request by an intimation that a permanent occupant had applied for it, and offered to pay his board at the hotel till he could find a room to suit him in another house; but the fact remained that she was really in a flutter to rid herself of him, and no subterfuge could hide it, and Mr. Byrd, to whose plans the full confidence of those around him was essential, found himself obliged to acquiesce in her desires, and announce at once his willingness to depart.

Instantly she was all smiles, and overwhelmed him with overtures of assistance;

but he courteously declined her help, and, flying from her apologies with what speed he could, went immediately to his room. Here he sat down to deliberate.

The facts he had gleaned, despite the interference of his unknown enemy, were three: First, that Craik Mansell had found excuses for not attending the inquest, or even the funeral, of his murdered aunt.

Secondly, that he had a strong passion for invention, and had even now the model of a machine on hand.

And third, that he was not at home, wherever else he may have been, on the morning of the murder in Sibley.

"A poor and meagre collection of insignificant facts," thought Mr. Byrd. "Too poor and meagre to avail much in stemming the tide threatening to overwhelm Gouverneur Hildreth."

But what opportunity remained for making them weightier? He was turned from the house that held the few persons from whom he could hope to glean more complete and satisfactory information, and he did not know where else to seek it unless he went to the mill. And this was an alternative from which he shrank, as it would, in the first place, necessitate a revelation of his real character; and, secondly, make known the fact that Mr. Mansell was under the surveillance of the police, if not in the actual attitude of a suspected man.

A quick and hearty, "Shure, you are very good, sir!" uttered in the hall without roused him from his meditations and turned his thoughts in a new direction. What if he could learn something from the servants? He had not thought of them. This girl, now, whose work constantly carried her into the various rooms on this floor, would, of course, know whether Mr. Mansell had been away on the day of the murder, even if she could not tell the precise time of his return. At all events, it was worth while to test her with a question or two before he left, even if he had to resort to the means of spurring her memory with money. His failure in other directions did not necessitate a failure here.

He accordingly called her in, and, showing her a bright silver dollar, asked her if she thought it good enough pay for a short answer to a simple question.

To his great surprise she blushed and drew back, shaking her head and muttering that her mistress didn't like to have the girls talk to the young men about the house, and finally going off with a determined toss of her frowny head, that struck Mr. Byrd aghast, and made him believe more than ever that his evil star hung in the ascendant, and that the sooner he quit the house the better.

In ten minutes he was in the street.

But one thing now remained for him to do. He must make the acquaintance of one of the mill-owners, or possibly of an overseer or accountant, and from him learn where Mr. Mansell had been at the time of his aunt's murder. To this duty he devoted the day; but here also he was met by unexpected difficulties. Though he took pains to disguise himself before proceeding to the mill, all the endeavors which he made to obtain an interview with any responsible person there were utterly fruitless. Whether his ill-luck at the house had followed him to this place he could not tell, but, for some reason or other, there was not one of the gentlemen for whom he inquired but had some excuse for not seeing him; and, worn out at last with repeated disappointments, if not oppressed by the doubtful looks he received from the various subordinates who carried his messages, he left the building, and proceeded to make use of the only means of compassing his end that was now left to him.

This was to visit Mr. Goodman, the one member of the firm who was not at his post that day, and see if from him he could gather the single fact he was in search of.

"Perhaps the atmosphere of distrust with which I am surrounded in this quarter has not reached this gentleman's house," thought he. And having learned from the directory where that house was, he proceeded immediately to it.

His reception was by no means cordial. Mr. Goodman had been ill the night before, and was in no mood to see strangers.

"Mansell?" he coolly repeated, in acknowledgment of the other's inquiry as to whether he had a person of that name in his employ. "Yes, our book-keeper's name is Mansell. May I ask"—and here Mr. Byrd felt himself subjected to a thorough, if not severe, scrutiny—"why do you come to me with inquiries concerning him?"

"Because," the determined detective responded, adopting at once the bold course, "you can put me in possession of a fact which it eminently befits the cause of justice to know. I am an emissary, sir, from the District Attorney at Sibley; and the point I want settled is, where Mr. Mansell was on the morning of the twenty-sixth of this month."

This was business, and the look that involuntarily leaped into Mr. Goodman's eye proved that he considered it so. He did not otherwise betray this feeling, however, but turned quite calmly towards a chair, into which he slowly settled himself before replying:

"And why do you not ask the gentleman himself where he was? He probably would be quite ready to tell you."

The intonation he gave to these words warned Mr. Byrd to be careful. The truth was, Mr. Goodman was Mr. Mansell's best friend, and as such had his own reasons for not being especially communicative in his regard to this stranger. The detective vaguely felt this, and immediately changed his manner.

"I have no doubt of that, sir," he ingenuously answered. "But Mr. Mansell has had so much to distress him lately, that I was desirous of saving him from the unpleasantness which such a question would necessarily cause. It is only a small matter, sir. A person—it is not essential to state whom—has presumed to

raise the question among the authorities in Sibley as to whether Mr. Mansell, as heir of poor Mrs. Clemmens's small property, might not have had some hand in her dreadful death. There was no proof to sustain the assumption, and Mr. Mansell was not even known to have been in the town on or after the day of her murder; but justice, having listened to the aspersions, felt bound to satisfy itself of its falsity; and I was sent here to learn where Mr. Mansell was upon that fatal day. I find he was not in Buffalo. But this does not mean he was in Sibley, and I am sure that, if you will, you can supply me with facts that will lead to a complete and satisfactory *alibi* for him."

But the hard caution of the other was not to be moved.

"I am sorry," said he, "but I can give you no information in regard to Mr. Mansell's travels. You will have to ask the gentleman himself."

"You did not send him out on business of your own, then?"

"No."

"But you knew he was going?"

"Yes."

"And can tell when he came back?"

"He was in his place on Wednesday."

The cold, dry nature of these replies convinced Mr. Byrd that something more than the sullen obstinacy of an uncommunicative man lay behind this determined reticence. Looking at Mr. Goodman inquiringly, he quietly remarked:

"You are a friend of Mr. Mansell?"

The answer came quick and coldly:

"He is a constant visitor at my house?"

Mr. Byrd made a respectful bow.

"You can, then, have no doubts of his ability to prove an *alibi*?"

"I have no doubts concerning Mr. Mansell," was the stern and uncompromising reply.

Mr. Byrd at once felt he had received his dismissal. But before making up his mind to go, he resolved upon one further effort. Calling to his aid his full powers of acting, he slowly shook his head with a thoughtful air, and presently murmured half aloud and half, as it were, to himself:

"I thought, possibly, he might have gone to Washington." Then, with a casual glance at Mr. Goodman, added: "He is an inventor, I believe?"

"Yes," was again the laconic response.

"Has he not a machine at present which he desires to bring to the notice of some capitalist?"

"I believe he has," was the forced and none too amiable answer.

Mr. Byrd at once leaned confidently forward.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that he may have gone to New York to consult with some one about this pet hobby of his? It would certainly be a natural thing for him to do, and if I only knew it was so, I could go back to Sibley with an easy conscience."

His disinterested air, and the tone of kindly concern which he had adopted, seemed at last to produce its effect on his companion. Relaxing a trifle of his austerity, Mr. Goodman went so far as to admit that Mr. Mansell had told him that business connected with his patent had called him out of town; but beyond this he would allow nothing; and Mr. Byrd, baffled in his attempts to elicit from this man any distinct acknowledgment of Mr. Mansell's whereabouts at the critical time of Mrs. Clemmens's death, made a final bow and turned towards the door.

It was only at this moment he discovered that Mr. Goodman and himself had not been alone in the room; that curled up in one of the window-seats was a little girl of some ten or twelve years of age, who at the first tokens of his taking his departure slipped shyly down to the floor and ran before him out into the hall. He found her by the front door when he arrived there. She was standing with her hand on the knob, and presented such a picture of childish eagerness, tempered by childish timidity, that he involuntarily paused before her with a smile. She needed no further encouragement.

"Oh, sir, I know about Mr. Mansell!" she cried. "He wasn't in that place you talk about, for he wrote a letter to papa just the day before he came back, and the postmark on the envelope was Monteith. I remember, because it was the name of the man whom made our big map." And, looking up with that eager zeal which marks the liking of very little folks for some one favorite person among their grown acquaintances, she added, earnestly, "I do hope you won't let them say anything bad about Mr. Mansell, he is so good."

And without waiting for a reply, she ran off, her curls dancing, her eyes sparkling, all her little innocent form alive with the joy of having done a kindness, as she thought, for her favorite, Mr. Mansell.

Mr. Byrd, on the contrary, felt a strange pang that the information he had sought for so long and vainly should come at last from the lips of an innocent child.

Monteith, as you remember, was the next station to Sibley.

CHAPTER XV.—THE END OF A TORTUOUS PATH.

"Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind."
—HAMLET.

THE arrest of Mr. Hildreth had naturally quieted public suspicion by fixing attention upon a definite point, so that when Mr. Byrd returned to Sibley he found that he could pursue whatever inquiries he chose without awakening the least mistrust that he was on the lookout for the murderer of Mrs. Clemmens.

The first use he made of his time was to find out if Mr. Mansell, or any man answering to his description, had been seen to take the train from the Sibley station on the afternoon or evening of the fatal Tuesday. The result was unequivocal. No such person had been seen there, and no such person was believed to

have been at the station any time during that day. This was his first disappointment.

He next made the acquaintance of the conductors on that line of street cars by means of which he believed Mr. Mansell to have made his escape. But with no better result. Not one of them remembered having taken up of late, any passenger from the terminus, of the appearance described by Mr. Byrd.

And this was his second disappointment.

His next duty was obviously to change his plan of action and make the town of Monteith the centre of his inquiries. But he hesitated to do this till he had made one other visit to the woods in whose recesses he still believed the murderer to have plunged immediately after dealing the fatal blow.

He went by the way of the street railroad, not wishing to be again seen crossing the bog, and arrived at the hut in the centre of the glade without meeting any one or experiencing the least adventure.

This time he went in, but nothing was to be seen save bare logs, a rough hearth where a fire had once been built, and the rudest sort of bench and table; and hurrying forth again, he looked doubtfully up and down the glade in pursuit of some hint to guide him in his future researches.

Suddenly he received one. The thick wall of foliage which at first glance revealed but the two outlets already traversed by him, showed upon closer inspection a third path, opening well behind the hut and leading, as he soon discovered, in an entirely opposite direction from that which had taken him to West Side. Merely stopping to cast one glance at the sun, which was still well overhead, he set out on this new path. It was longer, and much more intricate than the other. It led through hollows and up steep, and finally out to an open blackberry patch, where it seemed to terminate. But a close study of the surrounding bushes soon disclosed signs of a narrow and thread-like passage curving about a rocky steep. Entering this, he presently found himself drawn again into the woods, which he continued to traverse till he came to a road cut through the heart of the forest for the use of the lumbermen. Here he paused. Should he turn to the right or left? He decided to turn to the right. Keeping in the road, which was rough with stones where it was not marked with the hoofs of both horses and cattle, he walked for some distance. Then he emerged into open space again, and discovered that he was on the hillside overlooking Monteith, and that by a mile or two's further walk over the highway that was dimly to be discerned at the foot of the hill, he would reach the small station devoted to the uses of the quarrymen that worked in this place.

There was no longer any further doubt that this route, and not the other, had been the one taken by Mr. Mansell on that fatal afternoon. But he was determined not to trust any further to mere surmises; so hastening down the hill, he made his way in the direction of the highway, meaning to take the walk alluded to, and learn for himself what passengers had taken the train at this point on the Tuesday afternoon so often mentioned.

But a barrier rose in his way. A stream which he had barely noticed in the quick glance he threw over the landscape from the brow of the hill, separated with quite a formidable width of water the hillside from the road, and it was not till he wandered back for some distance along its banks, that he found a bridge. The time thus lost was considerable, but he did not think of it, and when, after a weary tramp of another hour, he stepped upon the platform of the small station, he was so eager to learn if he had correctly followed the scent, that he forgot to remark that the road he had taken was anything but an easy or feasible one for a hasty escape.

The accommodation-trains, which alone stop at this point, had both passed, and he found the station-master at leisure. A single glance into his honest and intelligent face convinced the detective that he had a reliable man to deal with. He at once commenced his questions.

"Do many persons besides the quarrymen take the train at this place?" asked he.

"Not many," was the short but sufficiently good-natured rejoinder. "I guess I could easily count them on the fingers of one hand," he laughed.

"You would be apt to notice, then, if a strange gentleman got on board here at any time, would you not?"

"Guess so; not often troubled that way, but sometimes, sometimes."

"Can you tell me whether a young man of very dark complexion, heavy mustache, and a determined, if not excited, expression, took the cars here for Monteith, say, any day last week?"

"I don't know," mused the man. "Dark complexion, you say, large mustache; let me see."

"No dandy," Mr. Byrd carefully explained, "but a strong man, who believes in work. He was possibly in a state of somewhat nervous hurry," he went on, suggestively, "and if he wore an overcoat at all, it was a gray one."

The face of the man lighted up.

"I seem to remember," said he. "Did he have a very bright-blue eye and a high color?"

Mr. Byrd nodded.

"And did he carry a peculiarly shaped bag, of which he was very careful?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Byrd, but remembering the model, added, with quick assurance, "I have no doubt he did"; which seemed to satisfy the other, for he at once cried:

"I recollect such a person very well. He's of the kind to attract attention. What about him, sir?"

"Nothing. He was in trouble of some kind, and he went from home without saying where he was going; and his friends are anxious about him, that is all. Do you think you could swear to his face if you saw it?"

"I think I could. He was the only stranger that got on to the cars that afternoon."
 "Do you remember, then, the day?"
 "Well, no, now, I don't."
 "But can't you, if you try? Wasn't there something done by you on that day which will assist your memory?"

Again that slow "Let me see" showed that the man was pondering. Suddenly he slapped his thigh and exclaimed:

"You might be a lawyer's clerk now, mightn't you; or, perhaps, a lawyer himself? I do remember that a large load of stone was sent off that day, and a minute's look at my book— It was Tuesday," he presently affirmed.

Mr. Byrd drew a deep breath. There is sadness mixed with the satisfaction of such a triumph.

"I am much obliged to you," he said, in acknowledgment of the other's trouble. "The friends of this gentleman will now have little difficulty in tracing him. There is but one thing further I should like to make sure of."

And taking from his memorandum-book the picture he kept concealed there, he showed him the face of Mr. Mansell, now altered to a perfect likeness, and asked him if he recognized it.

The decided Yes which he received made further questions unnecessary.

CHAPTER XVI.—STORM.

"Oh, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven: It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't." —HAMLET.

A DAY had passed. Mr. Byrd, who no longer had any reason to doubt that he was upon the trail of the real assailant of the Widow Clemmens, had resolved upon a third visit to the woods, this time with the definite object of picking up any clue, however trifling, in support of the fact that Craik Mansell had passed through the glade behind his aunt's house.

The sky, when he left the hotel, was one vast field of blue; but by the time he reached the terminus of the car-route, and stepped out upon the road leading to the woods, dark clouds had overcast the sun, and a cool wind replaced the quiet zephyrs which had all day fanned the brilliant Autumn foliage.

He did not realize the condition of the atmosphere, however, and proceeded on his way, thinking more of the person he had just beheld issuing from the doorway of Professor Darling's lofty mansion, than of the low mutterings of distant thunder that now and then disturbed the silence of the woods, or of the ominous, brazen tint which was slowly settling over the huge bank of cloud that filled the northern sky. For that person was Miss Dare, and her presence here, or anywhere near him, at this time, must, of necessity, awaken a most painful train of thought.

But, though unmindful of the storm, he was dimly conscious of the darkness that was settling about him. Quicker and quicker grew his pace, and at last he almost broke into a run as the heavy pall of a large black cloud swept up over the zenith, and wiped from the heavens the last remnant of blue sky. One drop fell, then another, then a slow, heavy patter, that bent double the leaves they fell upon, as if a shower of lead had descended upon the heavily writhing forest. The wind had risen, too, and the vast aisles of that clear and beautiful wood thundered with the awaying of boughs, and the crash here and there of an old and falling limb. But the lightning delayed.

The blindest or most abstracted man could be ignorant no longer of what all this turmoil meant. Stopping in the path along which he had been speeding, Mr. Byrd glanced before him and behind, in a momentary calculation of distances, and deciding he could not regain the terminus before the storm burst, pushed on toward the hut.

He reached it just as the first flash of lightning darted down through the heavy darkness, and was about to fling himself against the door, when something—was it the touch of an invisible hand, or the crash of awful thunder which at this instant plowed up the silence of the forest, and woke a pandemonium of echoes about his head?—stopped him.

He never knew. He only realized that he shuddered and drew back, with a feeling of great disinclination to enter the low building before him, alone; and that presently taking advantage of another loud crash of falling boughs, he crept around the corner of the hut, and satisfied his doubts by looking into the small, square window opening to the west.

He found there was ample reason for all the hesitation he had felt. A man was sitting there, who, at the first glimpse, appeared to him to be none other than Craik Mansell. But reason soon assured him this could not be, though the shape, the attitude—that old attitude of despair which he remembered so well—was so startlingly like that of the man whose name was uppermost in his thoughts, that he recoiled in spite of himself.

A second flash swept blinding through the wood. Mr. Byrd advanced his head and took another glance at the stranger. It was Mr. Mansell. No other man would sit so quiet and unmoved during the rush and clatter of a terrible storm.

Look! not a hair of his head had stirred, not a movement had taken place in the hands clasped so convulsively beneath his brow. He was an image, a stone, and would not hear though the roof fell in.

Mr. Byrd himself forgot the storm, and only queried what his duty was in this strange and surprising emergency.

But before he could come to any definite conclusion, he was subjected to a new sensation. A stir that was not the result of the wind or the rain had taken place in the forest before him. A something—he could not tell what—was advancing upon him from the path he had himself traveled so short a time before,

and its step, if step it were, shook him with a vague apprehension that made him dread to lift his eyes. But he conquered the unmanly instinct, and merely taking the precaution to step somewhat further back from view, looked in the direction of his fears, and saw a tall, firmly-built woman, whose grandly-poised head, held high, in defiance of the gale, the lightning and the rain, proclaimed her to be none other than Imogene Dare.

It was a juxtaposition of mental, moral, and physical forces that almost took Mr. Byrd's breath away. He had no doubt whom she had come to see, or to what sort of a trust he was about to be made an unwilling witness. But he could not have moved if the blast then surging through the trees had uprooted the huge pine behind which he had involuntarily drawn at the first impression he had received of her approach. He must watch that white face of hers slowly evolve itself from the surrounding darkness, and he must be present when the dreadful bolt swept down from heaven, if only to see her eyes in the flare of its ghostly flame.

It came while she was crossing the glade. Fierce, blinding, more vivid and searching than at any time before, it flashed down through the cringing boughs, and, like a mantle of fire, enveloped her form, throwing out its every outline, and making of the strong and beautiful face an electric vision which Mr. Byrd was never able to forget.

A sudden swoop of wind followed, flinging her almost to the ground, but Mr. Byrd knew from that moment that neither wind nor lightning, nor even the fear of death, would stop this woman if once she was determined upon any course.

Dreading the next few moments inexpressibly, yet forcing himself, as a detective, to remain at his post, though every instinct of his nature rebelled, Mr. Byrd drew himself up against the side of the low hut and listened. Her voice, rising between the mutterings of thunder and the roar of the ceaseless gale, was plainly to be heard.

"Craik Mansell," said she, in a strained tone, that was not without its severity, "you sent for me, and I am here."

Ah, this was her mode of greeting, was it? Mr. Byrd felt his breath come easier, and listened for the reply with intensest interest.

But it did not come. The low rumbling of the thunder went on, and the wind howled through the gruesome forest, but the man she had addressed did not speak.

"Craik!" Her voice still came from the doorway, where she had seemingly taken her stand. "Do you not hear me?"

A stifled groan was the sole reply. She appeared to take one step forward, but no more.

"I can understand," said she, and Mr. Byrd had no difficulty in hearing her words, though the turmoil overhead was almost deafening. "Why the restlessness of despair should drive you into seeking this interview. I have longed to see you, too, if only to tell you that I wish heaven's thunderbolts had fallen upon us both on that day when we sat and talked of our future prospects and—"

A lurid flash cut short her words. Strange and awesome sounds awoke in the air above, and the next moment a great branch fell crashing down upon the roof of the hut, beating in one corner, and sliding thence heavily to the ground, where it lay with all its quivering leaves uppermost, not two feet from the doorway where this woman stood.

A shriek like that of a lost spirit went up from her lips.

"I thought the vengeance of heaven had fallen!" she gasped. And for a moment not a sound was heard within or without the hut, save that low flutter of the disturbed leaves. "It is not to be," she then whispered, with a return of her old calmness, that was worse than any shriek. "Murder is not to be avenged thus." Then, shortly: "A dark and hideous line of blood is drawn between you and me, Craik Mansell. I cannot pass it and you must not, forever and forever and forever. But that does not hinder me from wishing to help you, and so I ask, in all sincerity, What is it you want me to do for you to-day?"

A response came this time. "Show me how to escape the consequences of my act," were his words, uttered in a low and muffled voice.

She did not answer at once. "Are you threatened?" she inquired at last, in a tone that proved she had drawn one step nearer to the bowed form and hidden face of the person she addressed.

"My conscience threatens me," was the almost stifled reply.

Again that heavy silence, all the more impressive that the moments before had been so prolific of heaven's most terrible noises.

"You suffer because another man is forced to endure suspicion for a crime he never committed," she whisperingly exclaimed.

Only a groan answered her; and the moments grew heavier and heavier, more and more oppressive, though the hitherto accompanying outcries of the forest had ceased, and a faint lightening of the heavy darkness was taking place overhead. Mr. Byrd felt the pressure of the situation so powerfully, he drew near to the window he had hitherto avoided and looked in. She was standing a foot behind the crouched figure of the man, between whom and herself she had avowed a line of blood to be drawn. As he looked she spoke.

"Craik," said she, and the deathless ring of love spoke in her voice at last, "there is but one thing to do. Expiate your guilt by acknowledging it. Save the innocent from unmerited suspicion, and trust to the mercy of God. It is the only advice I can give you. I know no other road to peace. If I did—"

She stopped, choked by the terror of her own thoughts. "Craik," she murmured, at last, "on the day I hear of your having made this confession, I vow to take an oath of celibacy

for life. It is the only recompense I can offer for the misery and sin into which our mutual mad ambitions have plunged you."

And subduing with a look of inexpressible anguish an evident longing to lay her hand in final caress upon that bended head, she gave him one parting look, and then, with a quick shudder, hurried away, and buried herself amid the darkness of the wet and shivering woods.

CHAPTER XVII.—A SURPRISE.

"Season your admiration for awhile." —HAMLET.

WHEN all was still again, Mr. Byrd advanced from his place of concealment, and softly entered the hut. Its solitary occupant sat as before, with his head bent down upon his clasped hands. But at the first sound of Mr. Byrd's approach he rose and turned. The shock of the discovery which followed sent the detective reeling back against the door. The person who faced him with such quiet assurance was not Craik Mansell.

(To be continued.)

HONORS TO THE MEMORY OF PAYNE.

THE formal transfer of the remains of John Howard Payne to the beautiful spot in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, provided by the distinguished philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, took place on the 9th instant, the pageantry of the funeral procession and the ceremonies of the occasion partaking of the character of a national tribute to the memory of the poet. The procession, which was headed by an imposing military escort, included the President, members of the Cabinet, and representatives of all departments of the Government, and all along the route the sidewalks were crowded with spectators. The final exercises took place at the site of the monument, which is one of great natural beauty. The shaft, of white marble, surmounted by the bust one-half larger than life-size, is supported on a base of solid gray granite six feet square. The height of the monument is fourteen feet, and its general design is Roman of the pure classical type. The face of the bust is turned towards the east, and represents the poet after he had passed out of his young manhood and had been made sad and serious by his long and hard battle with adversity. The features are somewhat sharpened and are marked by lines of care. A short beard fringes the face and seems to heighten its melancholy expression. On the front of the shaft is the inscription: "John Howard Payne, author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Born June 9th, 1792. Died April 10th, 1852." On the back is this inscription which was on the tombstone that marked his grave in Tunis: "Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled To realms above the azure dome, With arm outstretched, God's angel said: 'Welcome to Heaven's home, sweet home.'"

On the sides are medallions in relief. One bears a lyre incised in a wreath of laurel, the other an open scroll, crossed by a pen, which is surrounded by a wreath of palms. The exercises were formally opened by the reading of portions of Scripture by the Rev. Dr. Leonard, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church. This was followed by music, quartet and chorus, after which a poem was read by Mr. Robert S. Chilton. Some 5,000 persons were present on the platform erected for the accommodation of visitors. A large space surrounding the platform was roped in, and probably 2,000 or 3,000 persons gained positions inside the ropes. The monument was then unveiled and Payne's "Home, Sweet Home" was sung by a chorus of one hundred voices, with the Marine Band accompanying and the entire audience rising to their feet and uniting with the chorus in singing the last verse. The funeral oration was then delivered by Mr. Leigh Robinson. Then followed the interment ceremonies, Bishop Pluckney officiating. The coffin was lowered into the vault which had been prepared for it directly beneath this monument.

Facts of Interest.

MORMON missionaries are working assiduously in North Carolina, and are having considerable success among the more ignorant class of the rural districts, and especially among the women.

W. K. VANDERBILT has ordered from Paris a Russian troika, a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by three horses harnessed abreast. The middle horse runs between shafts which are connected by an arch over its head, and the others are attached one on each side of their middle mate.

THE Rahway (N. J.) Common Council have resolved that hereafter each application for a liquor license must be signed by twelve property-holders; that each applicant must publish, for at least ten days, in two local papers, notice of intention to apply; that no license shall be granted to sell liquor within 800 feet of a school or place of worship, and the prices of licenses shall range from \$100 to \$300.

GEORGE H. DAUBNER, a wealthy farmer of Wisconsin, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for obtaining by fraud \$3,500 arrears of pension money and \$30 a month. He simulated cataleptic fits, which he alleged he contracted by exposure in the army; while, in fact, he was only in the army a few months, and never saw any service. He was accompanied by his wife, and both wept bitterly when the court pronounced the sentence.

THE prevailing sensitiveness abroad was ludicrously illustrated at the Royal Academy on a vanishing day, when a curious parcel was discovered on a table which no one could account for. It was heavy, incased in brown paper and tied with an abundance of string. Artists gathered round it and poked it cautiously with their fingers; finally a carpenter was ordered to remove it, acting upon the principle that it was dynamite, and, just as the frightened man was immersing it in water, an academical shouted: "What on earth are you doing? It's my black currant jam that I am going to give to poor D."

A COLORED dude, by name Robert Henderson, who was recently hanged at Oxford, N. C., for wife-murder, was a rare specimen of his class. He changed his clothes every day during the trial, and received his sentence unmoved. But when, a few days before his execution, a sympathizing friend presented him with three high collars, a gaudy necktie and a bottle of hair-oil, he danced with delight and shed tears of gratitude.

THE employment of cocoa meal in the rations of French cavalry horses has produced such satisfactory results that the practice will be continued.

A RESTLESS Chicago mathematician shows that the 3,750 saloons there sell \$32,000,000 worth of liquor in a year; \$50 for every man, woman and child in the city. The consumption in Illinois outside of Chicago is put at \$38,000,000, so that the average per capita for the whole State is about \$22; not much over the probable figures for the whole country as indicated by the amount of spirits and beer produced.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—CROP reports from Great Britain are favorable.

—THE Massachusetts Senate has killed the House Bill to increase the salaries of legislators fifty per cent.

—THE Chief Signal Officer has ordered the immediate discontinuance of a number of stations on account of reduced appropriations.

—AN American daily newspaper is to be published in Paris by L. S. Chamberlain, lately private secretary to James Gordon Bennett.

—THERE is a famine in the Kurdish districts of Asia Minor. Many persons have died from starvation. Grain is selling at six times its usual price.

—LIGHTNING struck a powder magazine at Soutari, last week, and caused an explosion, which killed 150 persons and wounded 53 more.

—THE Maoris of New Zealand are not satisfied with the workings of the Land Act, and their King is going to England to interview the Queen.

—It is estimated that the revenues of the Government for the fiscal year about to close will be \$10,000,000 less than during the preceding year.

—THE Pennsylvania Legislature has abolished the contract system in the State prisons, prohibited political assessments, and provided for the punishment of ticket speculators.

—DR. LESARPS's monster dredger, built at Philadelphia at a cost of \$250,000, for work on the Panama Canal, cannot approach the works until a channel has been cut through the coral reef.

—ONE of the sea lions in Barnum's menagerie a few days ago gave birth to a young one, which is thought to be the first sea lion born in captivity. It weighs between six and seven pounds.

—VICTORIA and the other Australian colonies are taking steps to urge the British Imperial Government to annex the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands and other groups of islands in the Pacific.

—UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE BILLINGS of New Orleans has granted an appeal in the famous Myra Clark Gaines case, and it will again be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

—A NEW YORK lady, visiting at Squantuck, Conn., was attacked the other day by a swarm of bees, who stung her in over a thousand places, rendering her unconscious, and for a time endangering her life.

—WILLIAM A. PUTNEY, a Chicago millionaire who lost his money, became salesman in a Boston store not long ago. The firm soon began missing valuable goods, the thefts were traced to Putney, and upon being arrested he committed suicide.

—THE boom in Confederate securities continues. North Carolina war bonds have sold at Richmond, Va., at \$4 per \$1,000, and constant buyers of all classes of Confederate coupon securities. One house has bought over \$20,000,000 of these securities.

—ADDITIONAL tornadoes are reported from various Western States. In Wisconsin the town of Elino was last week badly damaged, and the business part of Beloit was wrecked, while in Iowa other towns were struck, with serious loss of property.

—THE Commission appointed to investigate the alleged smuggling of Chinese women and children into the United States by way of British Columbia reports that the practice complained of is not general, but recommends additional vigilance on the part of the customs officers.

MRS. HELEN STRATTON, of Brooklyn, Ohio, an old lady who had all her life feared that she should be struck by lightning, became so badly frightened by the heavy peals of thunder and the vivid lightning during a recent storm, that she was taken with an attack of heart disease and died almost instantly.

—THE reports of the Department of Agriculture indicate an increase of three per cent. in the acreage of cotton, a somewhat backward condition of the crop, but a fair stand, medium vitality, and unusually clean culture. Considering the time yet available, this is a reasonably encouraging condition of things.

—THE basis of peace between Peru and Chili stipulates for the cession of all the territory south of the river Camarones to Chili; the occupation by Chili of Tacna and Arica for ten years; after which a plebiscite is to decide to whom they shall belong, and the country getting them is to pay \$10,000,000 to the other.

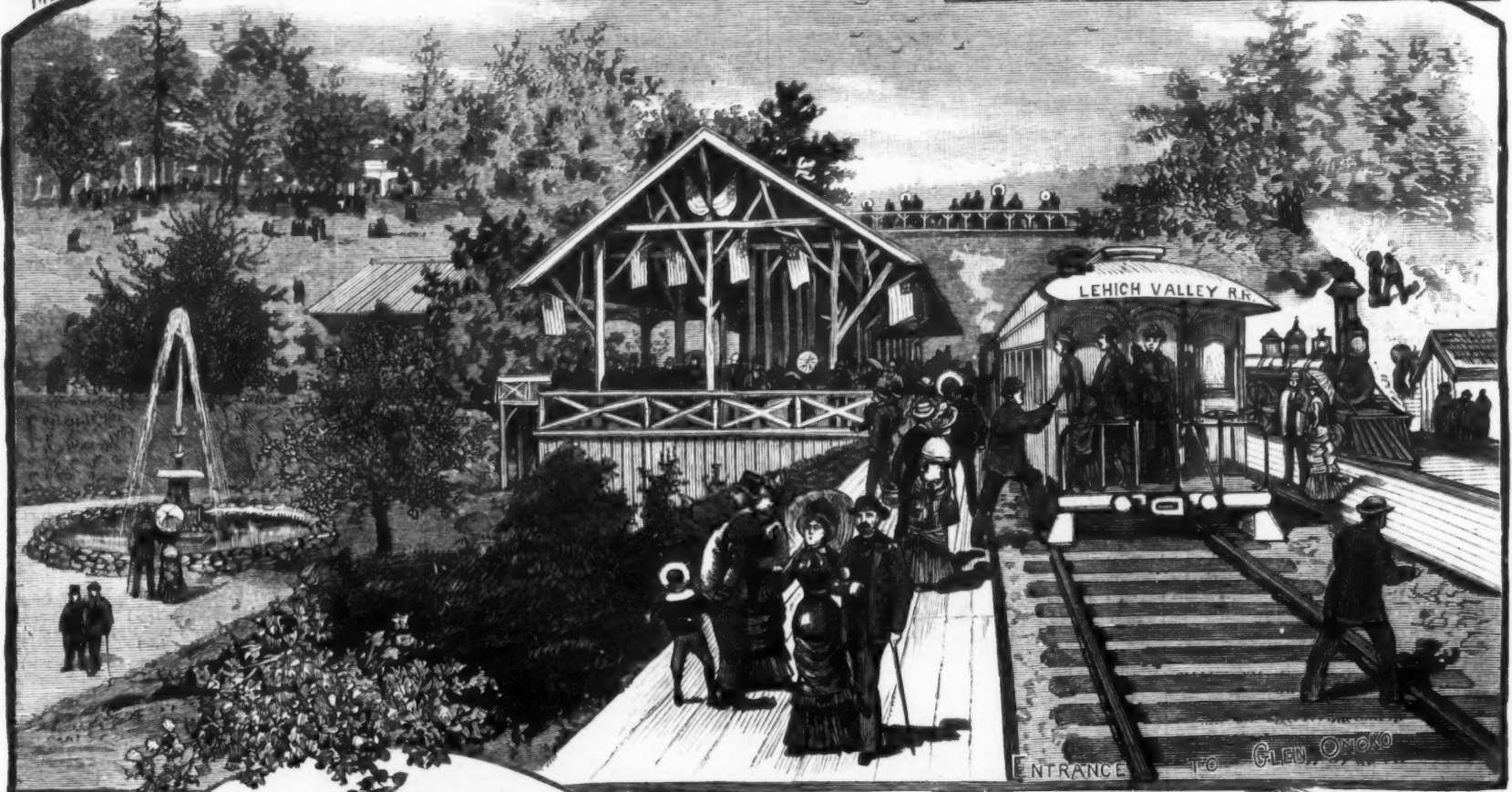
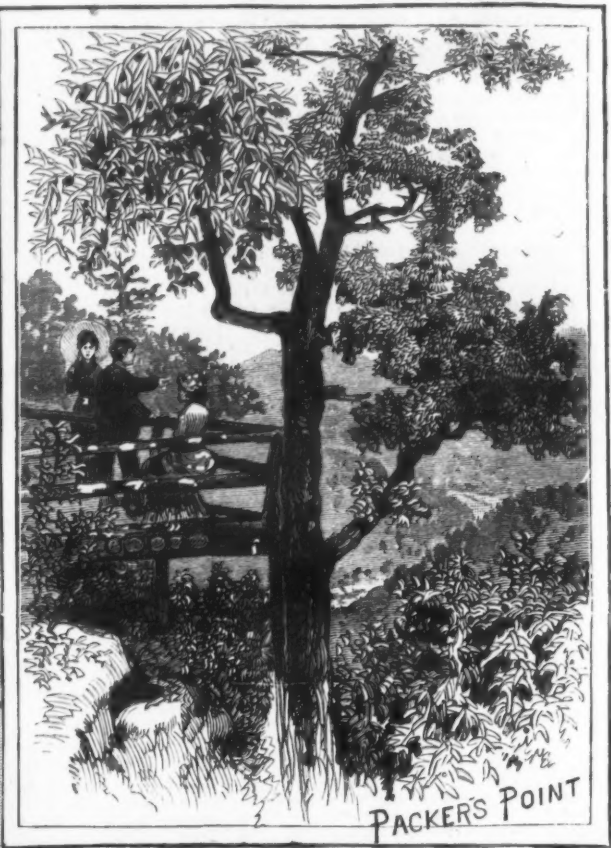
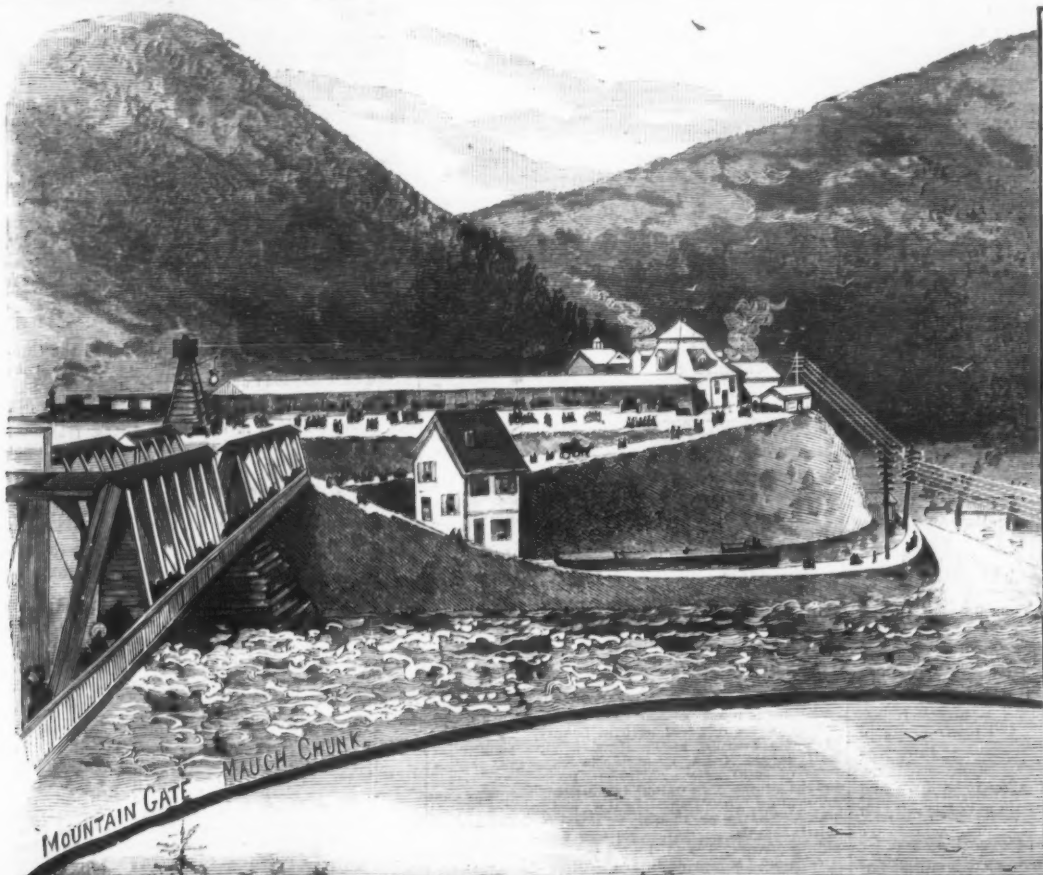
—DURING May the total increase in the Star Mail Service amounted to \$39,615. During the same period the amount saved from decreased service was \$30,025, making a net increase of service during the month of \$9,590. In the Steamboat Service the net increase during the month amounted to \$5,139.

—MOUNT VESUVIUS has recently shown greater signs of activity. The eruption of stones and incandescent lava, especially at night, is very brilliant, drawing almost irresistibly the attention to the mountain. A new eruptive crater in formation can already be clearly seen from Naples. The last one fell into the interior of the old crater.

—THE official returns of the marriages solemnized in France during last year show a total of 279,539 for the twelve months. The greatest number in one month took place in February, when there was 24,167. Next come November with 22,074, May with 22,273, January with 21,585, June with 21,216, October with 20,782, July with 22,626, September with 19,833, April with 17,034, August with 16,752, March with 14,211, and last of all December, 12,937.

—AN interesting scene occurred a few days ago at R deau Hall, whither a delegation of Iroquois chiefs had gone to complain to the Governor-general and Princess Louise of encroachments upon their reservation at Caughnawaga, near Montreal. Having transacted their business and having been promised redress, the Indians were asked to trace their ancestry for the Princess. When she learned that some of the delegation were descended from chiefs who had fought on the side of Great Britain in the wars with France and the American colonies, the Princess's enthusiasm knew no bounds, and she shook her dusky visitors warmly by the hand.

—IN a letter to the General Manager of the proposed Southern Exposition at Louisville, President Arthur, after pledging his personal and official support to the enterprise, says: "The proposed exhibition will disclose how vast a field the South now offers for every phase of industrial effort, in the mine, the field, the factory; everywhere, indeed, where activity and skill can find room for employment. And the influences of the noble undertaking will by no means be limited to its more material consequences. It will assist in quenching the spirit of sectional antagonism, already by God's blessing wellnigh extinct. It will bring the people of the land into more intimate acquaintance and sympathy. It will bind them together in closer devotion to the sentiment which now dwells in every patriot's breast—'One Union, one Constitution, one Destiny.'"





VIRGINIA.—RIGHT REV. JAMES A. LATANE,
PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE REFORMED P. E. CHURCH
OF THE UNITED STATES.

RIGHT REV. JAMES ALLEN LATANE,
PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH
IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP LATANE, the new Presiding Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the United States, is a descendant of one of the oldest families in Virginia, being a great-grandson of the Rev. Lewis Latane, who fled from France to England after the edict of Nantes in October, 1685, and remained there until the year 1700. He was ordained deacon and a priest the same year (1700), and arrived in Virginia March 5th, 1701, and took charge of the South Farnham Parish, Essex County, April 5th. In this county the family has resided for generations. The present bishop, James Allen Latane, was born in the old family homestead in Essex County, January 15th, 1831. He was prepared to enter the University of Virginia by a private tutor, and graduated at that institution in 1852. While at the university, and afterwards, he read law, but abandoned it and his studies, and entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, Va., in 1854. Here he pursued his theological studies for a year or so. He was ordained a deacon in the little church at Millwood, Clarke County, Va., in 1856, by Bishop Meade, while on a visit to that memorable prelate and pillar of the Episcopal Church in Virginia.

In January, 1857, Rev. Mr. Latane received a call to Trinity Church, Staunton, Va., which he accepted, and remained there as its rector for fourteen years. In 1871 he was called to St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, W. Va., where he remained until January, 1876, when he resigned, and wrote a letter to Bishop Johns formally withdrawing from the Protestant Episcopal Church and announcing his adhesion to the tenets of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Mr. Latane, after this step, returned to his old home, Essex, and remained there several years. While here he was not idle; he established two churches, one in his native county, and the other in the adjoining county of King William. In 1876 he was elected a bishop of the Church, at Chicago, but declined the position. In 1879 he was re-elected bishop, and this time he accepted, and, being consecrated, was assigned to the Southern Jurisdiction; but before going there he made an episcopal six months' visit to the churches in Canada, Nova Scotia, and far-off Manitoba. At the recent General Council of the Church, held in Baltimore May 23d, Bishop Latane was unanimously elected the Presiding Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church of the United States. His episcopal visitations will be confined to the churches in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, West Virginia and Maryland.

It may not be out of place to state here that the Right Rev. Bishop is a brother of the youthful Captain William Latane, "the brave Latane," of the Ninth Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, General William H. F. Lee's brigade, who was killed in making a charge when General Jeb Stuart made his famous ride in the rear of McClellan's army in 1862. Christian burial was given his body within the Union lines, near Old Church, Hanover County, Va., by Mrs. Brockenbrough and lady friends, her faithful negro slave digging the grave, and the Virginia matron reading the impressive and solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church over his remains. This is the incident, "The Burial of Latane," which John B. Thompson immortalized in verse, and William D. Washington portrayed on the glowing canvas. Both the artist and the poet were Virginians. Thousands of copies of the steel imprint of this war incident now adorn both Northern and Southern homes of those who fought with the blue and those who wore the gray.

HON. JOSEPH BENSON
FORAKER,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR
GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, was born July 5th, 1816, in Highland County, in that State. After receiving a common school education, he entered a store in Hillsboro. The war breaking out, he entered the army when only sixteen years old, as a private in the Sixty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, having much difficulty in passing muster on account of his youth. He served in the line until after the fall of Atlanta in that hard-

fought campaign. About that time he was detailed for the Army Signal Service. The duty was one that required intelligence and a quick judgment. Foraker was the only one in thirteen applicants who passed the necessary examination for the place. In course of time he was promoted through the different grades from sergeant and orderly to second and first lieutenant. As such he served in the campaign through the Carolinas after the march to the sea. He was taken upon Major-general H. W. Slocum's staff in the meantime, and breveted at the recommendation of his commander for gallant service at the battle of Bentonville. He was the last man in his regiment to be mustered out. At the close of the war he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University. Afterwards he went to Cornell University, where he was graduated in 1869 with the first class sent from that institution. He boarded himself during his early years at college, and, in order to make his slender stock of army savings hold out, crowded a six-years' course into three. He removed to Cincinnati after leaving college, and was admitted to the Bar in 1869, at once taking rank as an able and successful lawyer. He was elected Judge of the Superior Court in 1879, but resigned in 1882 because of ill health, due to overwork. Judge Foraker is now, however, strong and active. He is a fine-looking and intellectual man, is a member of the Methodist Church, and enjoys the confidence of all who know him.



OHIO.—HON. JOSEPH B. FORAKER, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
FOR GOVERNOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY L. M. BAKER, COLUMBUS.



GEORGIA.—REV. DR. A. G. HAYGOOD, GENERAL AGENT OF
THE SLATER EDUCATIONAL FUND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

REV. DR. ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD,
GENERAL AGENT OF THE SLATER EDUCATIONAL FUND.

PERHAPS no divine in the Southern Methodist Church of today occupies a more conspicuous place than the Rev. Atticus Greene Haygood, D. D., the successful President of Emory College, at Oxford, Ga., and the newly-elected General Agent of the Slater Educational Fund. Much of Dr. Haygood's prominence comes from his late "new departure," out of which grew his widely read and sharply criticised book, "Our Brother in Black." This book was cordially welcomed at the North, but many of his brethren in the South did not approve some of its advanced views as to the negro race. This was a matter of small importance to the author, as he counted the cost of his "new departure" before taking the first step, and possessing an independent spirit and firmness in the right, he was unmoved by opposition from any source. He is a man of positive and fearless convictions, and never hesitates to express them when the occasion requires it. Happily for Dr. Haygood, however, he was fully indorsed in good time, both at the North and the South. Mr. George L. Seney, of New York, was so well pleased with the views and spirit of the energetic President of Emory College, that he gave the struggling institution a handsome donation, and now "Seney Hall" is one of its chief attractions. Later on, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met at Nashville, Tenn., and in electing several new bishops chose Dr. Haygood as one of the number; thereby giving the highest possible indorsement to his course.

At that time this eminent divine was editing the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* at Macon, Ga., presiding over Emory College at Oxford, contributing liberally to the columns of various journals, looking after the proper expenditure of the Seney donation, and doing much valuable work for the church and the world at large. Some of his obligations were not lightly held by him, especially that of the work at Emory College, and, after prayerful consideration, he declined the high office of Bishop, and resigning his editorial chair, devoted himself more closely to educational matters.

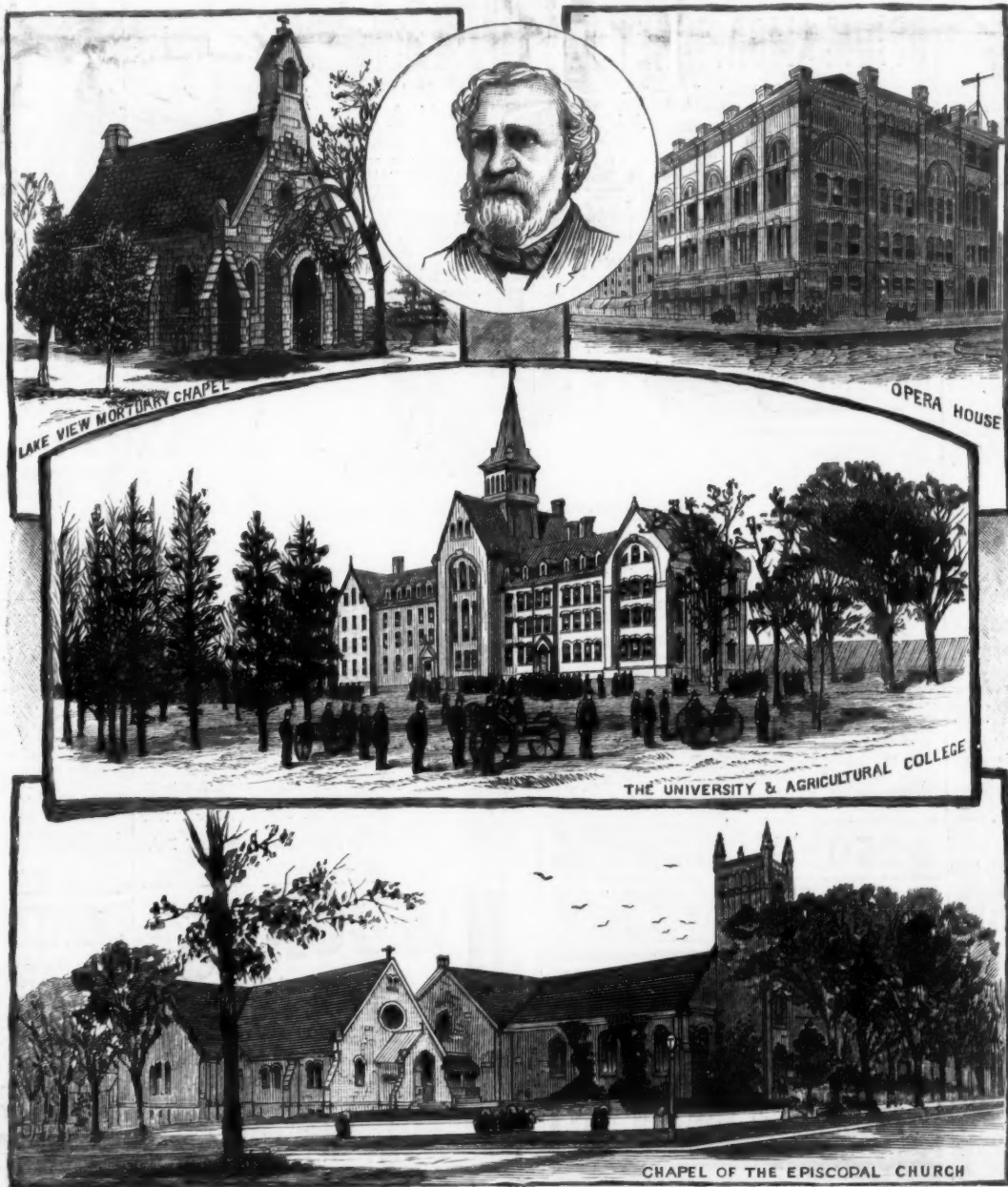
When John F. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., following the noble example of George Peabody, set apart from his wealth \$1,000,000, and putting it in the hands of a Board of Trustees, made it a permanent fund for the education of the colored race at the South, no fitter man could be found as General Agent of this Fund, to properly distribute it, than Dr. Haygood. And as there would be no conflict with his duties as President of Emory College, he accepted the trust and has recently entered upon its discharge.

Atticus Greene Haygood was born at Watkinsville, Clarke County, Ga., in February, 1839, but his father, Hon. Greene B. Haygood, a well-known lawyer and zealous Methodist, removed to Atlanta while he was yet young, and that city claims him as one of her sons. At the age of nineteen he graduated with distinction from Emory College, and soon after entered the Methodist ministry. After General Sherman's army evacuated Atlanta, he was one of the preachers sent there to gather up the scattered Methodists and rebuild their houses of worship. From that sad day down to the present time Dr. Haygood (who won his degree in 1870 from his Alma Mater) has advanced from one point of honor to another in his denomination. As Assistant Secretary of General Conferences he has had no superior, and as Sunday-school Secretary for the South he was most efficient and laborious.

Few men possess more intellectual vigor and physical power. No amount of work seems to exhaust either his mental or physical powers. As a writer, speaker, worker and educator he is untiring. Several of his published works are widely read, and hold a firm place in the public mind. "Our Children," with "Our Brother in Black" and "Sermons and Speeches" are the most prominent of his literary productions, and to these could be added a dozen smaller publications on various topics. Still in the prime of life, with all his powers unimpaired and new fields of usefulness opened before him, Dr. Haygood gives promise of a brighter future and a grander fame.

THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

ACCORDING to the latest report of the Lighthouse Board we have in all 723 lighthouses, thirty-eight lightships, 64 fog signals,



VERMONT.—THE HOWARD BENEFACTIONS: BUILDINGS GIVEN TO THE CITY OF BURLINGTON.—SEE PAGE 295.

operated by steam or hot air: 118 fog bells, operated by machinery; 960 beacon lights on Western rivers, 345 unlighted or day beacons, 39 automatic whistling buoys, 14 automatic bell buoys and 3,377 buoys of other descriptions. To maintain and attend to all these lighthouses, lights and buoys, requires the service of 22 steam tenders, 4 steam launches, 2 sailing tenders, 1,769 light-keepers, "including laborers in charge of Western river lights," and 686 "other employees, including crews of lightships and tenders." The total annual expense of the lighthouse establishment and fog signals is about \$2,749,000.

The study of form in music has been too much neglected in this country, yet it is one of the most important branches of all musical education, and without an intimate acquaintance with form, no composer, however talented, can hope to rise above mediocrity. One of the best works on this subject, that we have seen, is the "THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MUSICAL FORM," by J. H. Cornell, recently published by G. Schirmer, of New York city. Mr. Cornell is well-known as one of our most erudite musicians, an organist of ability, and a composer of high merit, and he is fully qualified to treat the subject. He has taken Ludwig Beethoven's "Musikalische Formenlehre" as the basis of his work, but he has adapted and largely added to it making it the most complete treatise in this branch that we know of. On Thursday, May 17th, a public competition was held at the Grand Conservatory of Music in West Twenty-third Street, for the awarding of the ninth free scholarship in that institution. Three hundred and seventy-five applications were received, but the number was reduced by successive private examinations and voluntary withdrawals to six. The judges were William H. Walter, Mus. Doc., the Chevalier Antoine de Koniski, and Mr. Alexander Lambert. The scholarship was awarded to Miss Lorena J. Hood, of New Jersey, after a long and severe competition.

The July "MANHATTAN" presents an exceptionally strong and attractive list of articles and authors. Rarely does any of the older and so-called "stanch" magazines offer a more inviting list than this, which contains the names of Hawthorne, Marston, Ingersoll, Rideing, Miss Nora Perry and other well-known favorites. In the August number the Italian city of Florence will be described at length with profuse illustrations, than which a more instructive and entertaining subject could scarcely be selected.

THE AMERICAN SUMMER RESORT DIRECTORY, published by Hawkins & Co., is probably the most complete and convenient work of the kind in the field. More than two thousands resorts are catalogued, and though the details concerning each are necessarily limited, they are accurate and contain all essentials.

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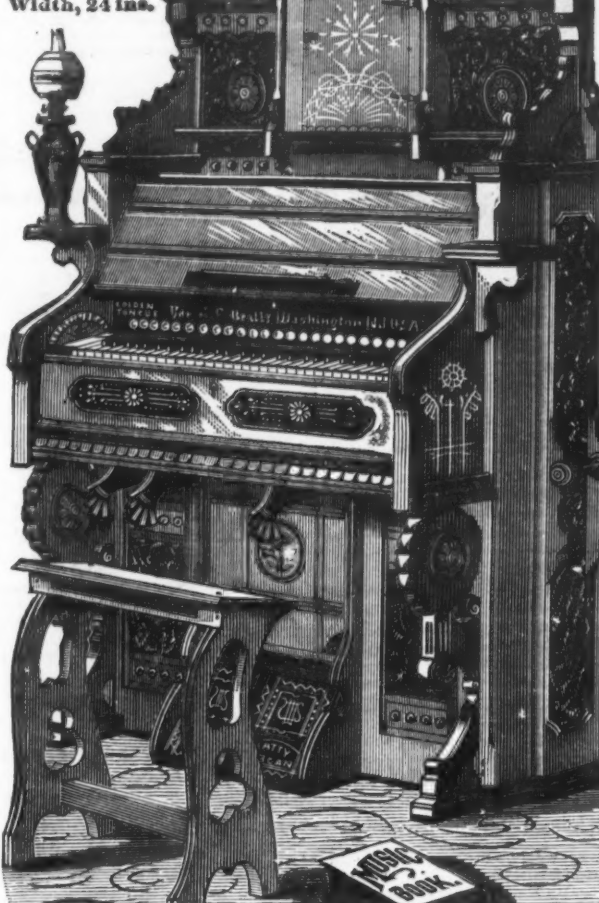
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THE MANHATTAN

FOR JULY

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BEATRIX RANDOLPH. Chapters I. and II. A Story. By Julian Hawthorne.
THE RATTLESAKE. By Ernest Ingersoll.
HER PRICE. The first part of a Story. By Philip Bourke Marston.
A NATIONAL NEED AND ITS BUSINESS SUPPLY. By Clarence Gordon.
PROFESSOR JOVANNY'S FUNERAL. A Silhouette. By Edward L. Stevenson.
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Is an entirely new and simple process for extracting all the strength of coffee and tea without boiling, and retaining all the aroma. It is a revelation to lovers of choice tea and coffee. It saves one third, and the beverage is delightful. It is very simple to use, is very cheap, and, for the small sizes, can be sent to any part of the United States by mail. Address, for circular,

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French China and English Porcelain at Low Prices.

Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 140 pcs. \$30.00
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Richly Decorated Fr'h China Tea Sets, 44 pcs. 12.00
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Orders securely packed & placed on car or steamer free of charge. Sent C. O. D. or P. O. Money Order.

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restores and develops the bust. Warranted pure and safe. Price, \$1. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, P. O. Box 1220, Boston, Mass.

DONT BE A CLAM

CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER they are wedded to their old clam-like notions—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

and dont propose to allow things to penetrate their shells that were unknown to their grandfather clams and to their grandmother clams

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after and a Clam is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will try new ways that are endorsed by leading newspapers:—

A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can, and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for.

Of course a woman is not expected to try every new thing that is offered her; if she does she will often be duped:—But when so reliable a paper as "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" emphatically endorses in the strongest manner every claim made for The Frank Siddalls Soap, there is certainly no excuse for not giving it one square, honest trial strictly as directed. Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:—SO DONT BE A CLAM

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the Skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day! Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn! No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years! The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New! The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened! A girl of 13 or 14 can easily do a large wash without even being tired! And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants; it is not their fault; for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice: Common soap and a foul dish-rag—or Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass; while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantelpieces, etc.:—It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.

For Washing Bed-clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild. Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—dont even scald them—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the soap does not have to be rinsed off

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All perfumes are injurious to the skin; The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it. A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.

It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

TRY IT FOR WASHING YOUR EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a Sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water

When used for washing the head it is better than shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (not washed out); it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Balmoline, Pomade or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the Scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer. The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing grease spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price to cents in money or postage stamps.

Say she saw the advertisement in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, postage prepaid;

it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely,

and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.

All this is done for 10 cents,

because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it

than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used, NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER, and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small Kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will always have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful Housekeeper, which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap.

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it seems.

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stain that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch: it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound;

dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other Soap on any of the wash



How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a New, Easy, Clean Way of Washing Clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work. NEXT—After Soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT: turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands, add hot water out of the tea-kettle. If a streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes. NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRT SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS. Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING AND WITHOUT SCALDING OR BOILING A SINGLE PIECE. Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the White Pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soap. The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

A Most Magnificent Premium can be had by the WIFE OF EVERY GROCER IN THE UNITED STATES. A Wife of a Grocer can be had by the WIFE OF EVERY GROCER IN THE UNITED STATES. The Premium is a very handsome select plush case, containing 6 Beautiful Heavy Plated Silver Knives and 6 Forks, manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed the finest quality made. It will be given to the Wife of a Grocer even if her husband does not sell the Soap. It will be sent to her AFTER she has made a thorough trial of The Frank Siddalls Soap, and enough Soap to make the trial will be sent her FREE OF CHARGE.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses, or you can order direct from the Factory. You must NOT send for more than one cake; if a friend wants to try it she must send in a separate letter.

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises or you have sent for more than one cake. Make the promises very plain or the Soap will NOT be sent. A cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

E. J. Denning & Co.

SUCCESSORS TO

A. T. STEWART & CO.

(RETAIL).

Will, during the remainder of the month, make still

FURTHER REDUCTIONS

In all their departments, in order to reduce stock before taking their semi-annual inventory on July 1. The attention of customers and of

Strangers Visiting the City

Is respectfully invited to these sales, which will afford them an opportunity of securing the

CHOICEST GOODS

To be found in this market at MERELY NOMINAL PRICES.

HEREAFTER ALL DRYGOODS BOUGHT OF US, WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY, WILL BE DELIVERED AT ANY ACCESSIBLE PART OF THE UNITED STATES, FREE OF ALL MAIL OR EXPRESS CHARGES.

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A Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Support, Relief, Comfort. AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.

DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE. Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular Mailed Free. Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely. S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

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The best work on Knitting ever offered. Laces, Insertions, Mittens, Stockings, and a great number of new designs for the same. Send two 3c. stamps and ask for No. 4, with samples of silk.

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The Eldorado of many an early dream is realized by the middle-aged business or professional man, who regains health, good sleep, good appetite and good spirits on the elegant, surefooted, quickly-groomed steed, the


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Try an Expert or a Standard, and ascertain how; or else send stamp to

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WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

Our Artist comes to the help of the Indian Department, which, according to a contemporary, "is puzzled to know what to do with the captured Apaches."

COMMON SENSE COMPRESSED

IT IS DIFFICULT TO GIVE IN A DOZEN LINES THE REASONS WHY TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT SHOULD BE PREFERRED AS A CORRECTIVE AND ALTERNATIVE TO EVERY OTHER MEDICINE IN USE. FIRSTLY, IT ALWAYS FEELS SECONDLY, IT CLEANSSES THE BOWELS WITHOUT VIOLENCE OR PAIN; THIRDLY, IT TONES THE STOMACH; FOURTHLY, IT REGULATES THE FLOW OF BILE; FIFTHLY, IT PROMOTES HEALTHY PERSPIRATION; SIXTHLY, IT RELIEVES THE SYSTEM FROM UNWHOLESOME HUMORS; SEVENTHLY, IT TRANQUILIZES THE NERVES; EIGHTHLY, IT ACTS UPON THE BLOOD AS A DEPURGENT; AND LASTLY, IT FORMS ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS COOLING DRAGHTS THAT EVER PASSED DOWN THE THROAT OF AN INVALID. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

SAYS OF

DR. TOWNSEND'S REMEDY

HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND CATARRH:

"BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 24th, 1881. 'I believe it will be sure in ninety cases in a hundred.'"
"BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 17th, 1882. 'I am happy to say that your remedy has served me a second season fully as well as the last year.'"
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DR. M. M. TOWNSEND, Frostburg, Md.

Price, 50 cents and \$1.50 per bottle. For sale by CHARLES DENNING, First Place and Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and by the drug trade generally.

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BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

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which renders the teeth white, the gums rosy and the breath sweet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth and prevents decay.

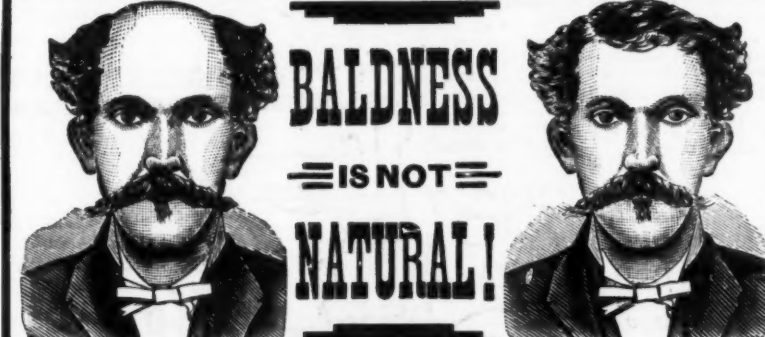
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BALDNESS IS NOT NATURAL!

BEFORE USING. Nature will restore the Hair if you will help it, even as a worn-out soil will grow good crops if you feed it with a proper fertilizer. If a farmer was to apply lime where stable manure was needed, and failed to get a crop, was it the fault of the soil or of knowledge on his part? If we have hitherto worked from a wrong principle and failed, is it any reason why success should not be reached? BENTON'S HAIR GROWER will GROW HAIR, CURE DANDRUFF, and STOP FALLING HAIR. Price, \$1.00 per Bottle, by mail free.

AFTER USING.

Address, **BENTON HAIR GROWER CO., Brainard Block, Cleveland, O.**



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(N. Y., L. E. and W. Railroad.) THE LANDSCAPE ROUTE OF AMERICA. Short, direct route between New York and all points West. Double Tracks, Steel Rails, Pullman Cars, Westinghouse Air-brakes, Speed, Safety, Comfort.

JNO. N. ABBOTT, General Pass. Agent, NEW YORK.

LADIES, ONLY

French Dressing and Satin Polish ON YOUR BOOTS AND SHOES.

Every bottle has Paris Medal on it. Beware of imitations. B. F. BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.

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In 26 Numbers, suited to every style of writing. One of each for trial, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 753 Broadway, New York.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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SPECIAL BARGAINS IN BLACK SILKS, COLORED SILKS, SUMMER SILKS, Grenadines, Gingham, White Lawn Suits, Hosiery, Silk Gloves, Nun's Vailings, Lawns, Jerseys, Underwear, Silk Mitts, Coaching Umbrellas, Parasols, Etc.

We cannot here enumerate prices, but give purchasers the full benefit of some great bargains we are now able to offer.

Prompt and careful attention to all Mail Orders. SAMPLES SENT.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SHOP BY MAIL.

Please note the address:

LE BOUTILLIER BROS., Of 23d Street.

31 & 33 West 23d Street, New York.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

SUIT DEPARTMENT.

The balance of Stock in Ladies' and Misses' Paris Pattern Costumes, Mantles, and Wraps, and those of our own manufacture, will be offered at greatly reduced prices, previous to taking the semi-annual inventory.

Ladies' White Nainsook Dresses and Wrappers. Hand-embroidered Percale and Linen French Underwear for Ladies; also a fine assortment of our own manufacture. Infants' and Children's outfits complete, ready-made or to order.

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For HOUSE-CLEANING.—Saves Time, Labor and Money. Cleans Paint, Wood, Marble, etc., and will Polish Tin, Brass, Copper, Knives, Glass, China Ware, Oil Cloths, etc.

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MAINE.—ON THE MEGALLOWAY—A LESSON IN FLY-FISHING.—SEE PAGE 295.

MY FRIEND.

WHEN first I looked upon the face of Pain
I shrank repelled, as one shrinks from a foe
Who stands with dagger poised, as for a blow.
I was in search of Pleasure and of Gain.
I turned aside to let him pass; in vain—
He looked straight in my eyes and would not go—
"Strike hands!" he said; "our paths are one;
and so
We must be comrades on the way, 'tis plain."
I felt the firm clasp of his hand in mine;
Through all my veins it sent a strengthening
glow;
I straightway linked my arm in his, and lo!
He led me forth to joys almost divine—
With God's great truths enriched me, in the end,
And now I hold him as my dearest friend.

ELLA WHEELER.

OUR HERO.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

HE came to the camp surreptitiously. Not that we held ourselves apart, or considered the place we had chosen as a better and higher-toned locality than the many where mining camps were situated, but we had made it a rule not to quarrel just for the sake of the excitement, and the promiscuous use of firearms was decidedly frowned upon. Then, too, we held peculiar ideas concerning gambling, for the greater number of us had friends in the Eastern States, and a liberal amount of our luck found its way to far-off, sunlit nooks, homes that grew brighter when these visits came, though they never could be brighter than they shone in the memories of the rough men who gathered every night in the saloon, where Billy May dispensed refreshing beverages and smiles with a generous and indiscriminating impartiality.

How and when he came to the camp, which, on account of an unusual formation in the foot-hill about which it clustered, we had called the Bulge, was for a long time a mystery.

We found him one evening seated in a warm corner of Billy May's saloon, a glass of water in his hand, and Billy looking at him with a sort of dazed wonderment in his eyes. We remembered to have seen a similar figure wandering about the vicinity of the camp, with a pick shovel and cradle, carried in a manner that was unfamiliar to us; but strangers were passing by on either hand all the time, and occasionally one sojourned with us for a few days.

They seldom remained.

Whether it was the atmosphere, which possessed a sort of chilliness when the camp did not take kindly to the new recruit, or whether the moderate reward for our labor, with which we were content, was unsatisfactory, we never inquired. If they needed food, it was given to them; and any other help that we could bestow, save that of companionship, was never refused. Nor did we deny a permanent residence to those who were willing to abide by the rules of the camp. It was only the turbulent spirits, and there were but few who did not set up to be such, to whom we refused our companionship. Thus there had been but one murder at the Bulge, and no criminal could ask for a fairer trial than we gave Black Ben Moore, the desperado who had drifted into Billy May's saloon one evening, and shot a newcomer who refused to drink with him. Certainly no trial was more fairly conducted, in those early and reckless days of the State, even though we had decided to hang him from the first, and no argument that he could have advanced would have saved him. But he was given the chance to speak in his own behalf, and subtle indeed was the plea that he made.

"You see, boys," he said, "the thing was so unexpected, so dead against everything I had been accustomed to, that I was surprised out of myself possession, and my shooter went off of its own accord, seemingly. Why, I didn't have no quarrel with the man, had never seen him before, and so it was purely accidental like, as you might say. There's no precedent for hanging a man for an accident."

Ben had figured in a law case down in Frisco, and this accounted for his use of the word precedent, which was not a happy use for him.

"If there's no precedent to day, there will be one to-morrow," was the sententious remark of Rube Langton, the judge we had chosen to preside over the trial, and there was, for the next day Black Ben was buried with his pistol and all of his earthly possessions beside him; and the report of his trial and fate made the camp a place marked to be shunned by the members of his brotherhood.

It was plain to the dullest intellect among us that we had no lawlessness to fear from this stranger. As we entered the saloon he rose and made an awkward bow, more the result of embarrassment than of ignorance, and when his salutation had been returned and he saw that there was no disposition to snub him or resent his presence, he grew more easy in his manner, and entered into conversation with Rube Langton, who had taken the chair nearest the one occupied by the newcomer.

"Queer chap," said Billy May, as I leaned against the bar. "Came in half an hour back, and asked if I thought the boys would object to his sitting here, as he was mighty lonesome. I invited him to take something, and he said he didn't mind if he did have a glass of water, and that's all he's had since he came in."

Rube Langton was listening attentively to what the man was saying, occasionally interjecting a short question. Evidently Rube was much interested, and when the man had finished talking, he turned to the men gathered in the saloon and said: "I say, fellows, this is a pretty hard case."

The remark drew all eyes to him; in fact, we had been waiting, feeling that we were to

be consulted, and now we assumed that semi-nonchalant attitude which in the generality of mankind means the donning of judicial dignity.

"This man's name," continued Langton, "is Lawrence—Tom Lawrence—and he's had hard lines. He's from Vermont, away up by the lake, and started out from Boston in the ship *Rover*. Got cast away on one of them coral islands near the equator, was took off by a whaler and carried to Honolulu, and worked up to Frisco. He did odd jobs to get a little money, and struck the diggings at Pelcher's Run, and just because he don't care to get drunk every night they drove him from the camp. Now, we don't set up for saints, I know, but I guess we can stand one cold-water man, can't we?"

The bulge was unanimous in deciding that it could, and from that time forth, Tom Lawrence became one of us, and grew in favor with each succeeding day.

Revolutions are often more the result of accident than of deliberation, and the advent of Tom Lawrence, in itself an advent that might have transpired anywhere with no following results, was to be a marked epoch in the annals of the Bulge.

We had long held to the idea that somewhere within the limits of our territory there existed a rich deposit of quartz gold. But we had not been able to make the attempt to reach this, or rather, we had worked on in the old style, waiting for developments.

Tom Lawrence had been with us about eight months, when we suddenly woke to the consciousness that we were changing our usual manner of life. It is true that we passed our evenings at Billy May's, as of old, and that we occasionally took our whisky straight, but we had gradually drawn away from the copious and frequent bumpers we had been accustomed to; and to compensate Billy for the loss this entailed, we had brought up some billiard-tables and bowling apparatus from Frisco, and set him up in the billiard and bowling business. And here Tom Lawrence shone pre-eminent.

At first, a person would think Tom rough-cornered and ungainly, but when his broad shoulders were throwing muscular power into a pick blow, or sending a ball down the bowling alley to an unflinching ten-shot, there was a demonstration of strength about him that was akin to beauty.

And his face was very pleasant. A brave open face, wherein a smile lingered, ever ready to ripple over and break into a laugh. You felt that here was a man averse to quarrels, and yet, there was a peculiar glow in the eyes lighting the face, which seemed to imply a certain reserve of spirit which it would be dangerous to rouse to anger.

We were going on in our old easy way, when we were suddenly startled by the strange conduct of Tom Lawrence.

We had noticed that for month or more Tom had worked on his claim only during the mornings, and that when the dinner hour was over, he turned north to where the dark masses of the Bulge rose black and frowning against the blue of the sky.

We did not question him. It was a trait of the camp to let each man work as he pleased, and so we allowed Tom to follow the bent of his mind unmolested by word or act. But one morning he did not go to his claim, and as this was a new innovation, it occasioned considerable remark.

Midday came, and he had not returned, and no one had seen him. We had all grown to like him, and a few of those who were most intimate with him gathered in a little circle before Billy May's, to discuss the situation. Gradually, drawn by the attraction that centres in any unusual crowd, the whole camp had congregated at this impromptu mass convention, and each one advanced his opinion as to the probable cause of his unaccounted absence. Of course, it was all conjecture; there could be nothing definite, for in so much as these periods of exploration, if they were such, were concerned, Lawrence had taken no one into his confidence. That there was no certain knowledge regarding them was soon discovered, and a search had just been proposed, when the meeting was startled by a loud shout that came sounding down to us from the frowning face of the Bulge.

We looked up, and there, gesticulating wildly, stood Lawrence, his form setting in sharp relief against the clear blue expanse back of it.

Then, with a hardihood that appalled us, for the rocks were ragged and precipitous, he began to clamber down the steep declivity, and, while we were still standing in silent wonder at his act, he reached the street, and came rushing in among us.

"Boys, I have found it!" he cried, his face flushed, his eyes brilliant, and his whole form quivering with excitement.

"Found it?—found what?" asked Rube Langton, and one or two others.

"The quartz lead, boys—the bonanza," and again he was silent, his strong excitement being too powerful to admit of many words.

"Where? Where?" cried several; but now Rube Langton's voice came firm and clear.

"Let Lawrence have some dinner, and then will be time enough to hear. The quartz will keep."

We all agreed that this was the best plan, and Rube told Lawrence that he would find his dinner waiting, and the coffee hot, so we made a path for him to pass through to Rube's cabin, and then settled quietly to wait his return.

"How are we to divide this quartz?" was the question suddenly thrown among us by Jack Laws, and immediately there arose a confused noise of many suggestions.

"It is my opinion that we have very little to say in the matter," said Rube Langton, as soon as a lull allowed his words to be heard.

"Why?" was the almost universal question.

"It is a rule, I believe, that the man who

finds and stakes out a claim, is the one who owns it."

The golden dreams that had grown luminous in many brains were suddenly clouded, for this cold but practical and just reason fell on them with the quenching effect that a wet blanket would have on an incipient fire.

We had not noticed that Tom Lawrence had returned during the confusion that followed Jack Laws's question, and when his voice broke the silence caused by Langton's remark, with these words, "The claim belongs to the whole camp, boys," it seemed like a far-away cheer, sounding the relief of a sore-pressed army.

For a little time no one spoke. Then Rube Langton, whose thought was readier than that of the most of us, said:

"Of course it is for you to say. But we have no right to share unless you agree."

There was a universal response of "That's so!" and then Lawrence went on:

"I would be a mighty mean specimen if I were to hold all of my discovery for myself, after you were kind enough to welcome me to the Bulge, and make me one of you. This quartz lead belongs to the camp, and the camp must work it."

"That being your decision, the camp thanks you for your gift and accepts it," said Langton, who was the general spokesman of the men.

"Where is the lead?" questioned Laws.

"I found my indications about two miles up the cañon, but from the signs, I think the vein runs pretty well down to the edge of the Bulge."

"How did you find it?" asked Langton.

"It is not a long story. Of course, I heard you talk about the quartz deposit, and I thought I would try and find it, so I sent East for a book that would give me all the knowledge I needed to find gold-bearing rock. It came some three months ago, and as soon as I had got the theory pretty well in my head, I started out on my search, using the afternoons for the work. It was slow and discouraging, but yesterday's storm helped me. That shower in the morning just washed the earth up the cañon, and left two or three lumps of rock, that we have not seen before, clear. When I went out yesterday afternoon, I noticed these, and careful examination showed me that they held gold. I did not care to say anything until I had made the thing sure, so I went out this morning with tools to settle the matter. Here is the result."

As he stopped Tom Lawrence took from his pocket several lumps of broken quartz, and in each we could see flecks and lumps that sent out the yellow glow of gold.

While this was passing from hand to hand, Tom went on:

"Of course, boys, this find of mine is a general property, for, had you turned me off when I first came, it would have been your luck, or the luck of some one of you, to find it. I would be but a poor chap indeed did I think of keeping this all to myself. And then it will require a company to work the lead, and give employment to all the men in camp."

"Of course, we would be fools not to take what you offer us, Lawrence," said Langton; "but we know that it is a free gift, and we thank you. Do we not, boys?"

A hearty and universal "Yes" was the instant reply.

"And now come and look at the vein," said Lawrence, turning up the cañon.

We all followed him, and there was no work done in the camp that afternoon. We found the rock to be quartz of the best quality, and as far as we could see, it extended along a surface three miles in length. The thing now was to work our find, and for this purpose the camp assessed itself for a sum sufficient to buy the material for crushing the stone, and Billy May was sent down to Frisco to purchase the needed machinery. Billy was selected because he had been in the habit of purchasing goods from the Frisco dealers, and was, therefore, more up in the ways of trade.

While he was gone, we set to work on the lead, and having followed it down to a point on the Bulge pretty near to the camp, we cut a rough path up the cliff at the most accessible part, and began to sink our shaft.

This had been in progress for a week or more, when an incident occurred that made us very proud of the possession of one of our company, and gave us an enviable notoriety in the immediate vicinity.

It was a bright day, and the sun shone with a degree of brilliancy that was dazzling. The wind was from the north, and came surging and roaring down the cañon with a force that was strangely stormy in this luminous atmosphere.

We were working near the edge of the Bulge, driving the shaft downward with a slant that would enable us to carry the vein of ore Lawrence had found deep into the hill where we thought its richest deposits lay.

Suddenly a cry came sounding out like a warning, and, turning from our place by the excavation, several of us saw Rube Langton totter, and, before he could recover himself, fall over the cliff.

It was a clear descent of more than a thousand feet, broken only by such knobs and ledges as the convulsion of Nature causing its peculiar form had left. With the wind blowing as it did, we had but one thought, that of finding Langton's body, a limp and bloody mass, at the bottom of the rocky declivity, and several of us started to run down the path we had made along the face of the Bulge, when a call stopped us.

Jack Laws had flung himself on the ground, and, crawling to the edge of the cliff, looked over.

"He is caught on a rock!" he cried, and, hearing this, we returned, and, following his example, saw Langton suspended about forty feet below us, his clothing firmly held by a rounded knob that set out from the face of the cliff.

Evidently he had struck a ledge a little way above this, and been thrown aside from a

straight descent, for he was not directly below the spot from which he had fallen, and he was senseless, the blood slowly oozing from a cut in his forehead.

This was a benefit, as it kept him quiet. Had he struggled, he would have wrenched clear from the knob, and then his destruction would have been certain. Even now his rescue was a matter of doubt, for it required an iron nerve, and an utter disregard of death, to attempt it. We saw this, as we looked over the cliff, and heard the wind roar down the cañon, its force swaying the body hanging below us.

Any one attempting the rescue of Langton would be exposed to the wind, and the rope that held him would be liable to the chafe and cut of the ragged surface, down which he must descend.

And it required that he should not descend directly towards the body, as, should he come in contact with it, he might, ere he could place a rope about it, loosen its already slight hold on the cliff, and thus hasten the very catastrophe he was risking so much to defeat. Thus he would have to work along the face of the cliff, and his danger would be increased tenfold.

It was an undertaking that would make the bravest hesitate, and we lay there motionless, waiting for the word that should rouse us to action.

We did not wait long.

A firm step came rapidly from the mouth of the shaft, and another form was flung along the edge of the Bulge. Only a moment did it lay there, and then it rose to an erect position, and a strong voice said:

"Bring the rope from the shaft. Quick, boys, for we have no time to spare. The hold on that rock may give way at any moment."

"But who is to go down the cliff?" was asked.

There was a tone of surprise in the answer, as though the speaker considered the question strange.

"Why, I am."

It was Tom Lawrence, and, as he had been speaking, he had removed his boots, and strapped his shirt close to his body. He wore no coat or vest, and thus had no fluttering garment to catch the wind.

There was something in his manner that gave to Lawrence the bearing of one whose word was a command; it was his grasp of the situation, and the readiness he evinced to meet the danger incident to the attempt at a rescue; and some of the men had brought the rope, knowing that the next order would tell how it was to be used.

After making a careful survey of the edge of the cliff, Lawrence selected a spot about two yards away from that directly above Langton. Here he directed us to place a log, over which the rope could work, and then making a loop like a sailor's bowline in the end of the line, he placed this in a position that allowed him to sit upright.

"Harvey, you watch me, and tell the men what to do; and you, Laws, take charge of the rope. Let the other end follow me, and fix it like I have mine."

I took my place where I could watch him, and, telling the men to pay the rope out carefully, he went slowly down the face of the Bulge. I watched every movement, and never were my nerves so strained. The wind came rushing down the cañon, and tossed him against the rock, and then I would stop the lowering, waiting for a lull that would give chance for a few more feet to be let out.

I could see that Langton's hold was weakened, and that time was precious, but to work faster with that mad gale swaying Lawrence along the cliff, chafing the rope on the sharp edges of the rock, was impossible. As fast as I could I had the line paid out, and never will I forget the fearful struggle that went on below me. Yet through it all Lawrence was calm and unmoved, his energies bent on the one end—Langton's rescue.

How cool he was. How he watched the surging of the wind, grasping, when he could, the projections of rock to hold himself steady while they were tearing by. Still he could not make use of these at all times, and often the wind would catch him and fling him far out from the cliff, to let him come swinging back with a velocity that threatened destruction. How glad I felt when I saw that he was on a level with Langton, and how anxiously I watched him work his way towards the suspended form. Twice did he touch it, only to be torn away by the wind, but the third time he succeeded in placing the rope firmly about Langton, and motioned to me to have the men pull them up.

"Keep me just a little below Langton," I heard him shout, and I passed the word to the men, who now began hauling in on the rope.

If the descent had been dangerous, the ascent was equally so, and yet Lawrence remained as cool as though this risking of his life was an everyday occurrence. Slowly the rope came up over the log, and, though the distance was but short, the time seemed fearfully long. There was still ten feet or more between Langton and the surface of the Bulge, when I saw that one strand of the rope holding him had given way and that the others were badly cut.

I shouted the news to Lawrence, and the next instant saw him grasp the body. It was none too soon, for the rope parted as he did so.

"Work quick!" he cried, "work quick!"

The men heard the word, and exerted all their strength. My breath came fast as I lay and watched, with extended hands, for death was very near the men below me.

Jack Laws flung himself beside me ready to help grasp Langton, as did the other men who had been pulling on the parted rope.

We saw the strands lengthen under the new strain, and the outer yarns began to give way, but Lawrence's face never changed. While the men pulled in the rope his strong clasp held Langton firmly out from the cliff, his own

body acting as a protection to his senseless comrade. It was only for a minute, for the men worked with a will, yet it was one of those minutes that leave memories to last through all time.

The men beside me were panting in their excitement, for it was a race with death. As for me, I had fixed my eyes on Lawrence, and when the other men seized Langton, my hands clutched Tom with a grasp that nothing but death or safety could sever.

"Hold my feet," I cried, as I felt the strain increase, for at that instant the rope gave way, and after making a desperate but unsuccessful struggle to gain the edge of the cliff, Lawrence hung in my grasp, and kept still, knowing it would be best for us to remain so.

A score of hands had seized me, and others were reaching down for Lawrence, so that it was but a moment ere he stood among us, a smile on his brave face. Grasping my hand, he cried:

"I thank you, Harvey; it was a narrow pull through, but you won."

With a generosity that was in keeping with his act, he was already trying to make me the hero of the occasion, but I would not let this be.

"I did nothing, Lawrence. You risked your life for Langton," I said, "and we will not forget it."

Langton had been laid on the ground, and his face was bathed with water brought from the shaft. The cut was found to be only a surface fracture, but the blow that made it had fortunately rendered him senseless and thus saved his life.

In a little time he regained his consciousness, and, though weak, could stand erect.

"What's up, boys," he said, seeing us gathered about him, and then, before any one could reply, his memory brought back the fall over the cliff, and he went on: "Oh, yes, I know; I fell off the Bulge. But I am not at the bottom!"

There was a tone of interrogation in his voice, and Laws replied, narrating the events that have just been described, and giving Lawrence his full due of praise.

Langton looked about him to find our hero, but Lawrence had disappeared. A call brought him forth from the shaft, however, and he came forward and said:

"I'm glad you're all right, old fellow. Don't think anything of what I've done. You or any of the boys would have acted the same way, and the reason I was first to offer was because I was in the shaft and my head was clearer. They saw you fall, and it startled them."

For reply Langton walked to the edge of the cliff, and asked to see the place where he had swung suspended. When it was shown him, he looked at it for some time, and then coming back to Lawrence, grasped his hand:

"It's kind of you to think I would have done it, Lawrence, and we'll not quarrel over that; but hereafter, the man that harms you, hurts Rube Langton, and he must take the consequences."

"He strikes the whole camp," I cried, and the men affirmed my word in a voice that boded a store of ill to him who should harm Lawrence.

Of course, Lawrence's word was law with us after this, and when he proposed that such of us as had women folks that could come to the Bulge, should bring them out now that the camp promised to be a permanent thing, it was agreed to, and we made haste to search out old sweethearts as well, to see if we could not settle upon some one with whom to share our good fortune.

And Jack Laws, who was the oldest man in the camp, bethought him, in this rummaging of minds, of a wife he had married in a New England village a dozen years before, and concluded to send for her.

"I declare," said he, in speaking of the matter, "I had forgot all about her. You see, I had just got home from Bombay, and was rather full of Jamaica, and before I had the wedding fully stowed away as part of my life's cargo, why, I shipped for a cruise in a man-of-war and was gone from home for four years. And then I went off in a whaler without seeing her, and was in the Pacific five years, so I lost the day's reckoning clean out of my log."

Jack wrote home and found his wife, and Rube Langton and others sent for mothers and sisters. As many of them agreed to come, the camp was very busy building and running the shaft, for the quartz had proved more productive than we had thought it would, and we were doing well.

Lawrence had not spoken of having any women folks, but when it was settled that we were to have such additions to the population of the camp he grew very restless, and we noticed that he made weekly excursions to Culver's, the place where the nearest post-office was situated.

He did not begin to build, however, as those did who were expecting friends, but helped the others, and watched the growth of each house with a degree of interest that excited our curiosity.

The women began to arrive before their homes were fully in order. The first to reach us were Langton's people, and Jack Laws's wife. We had not heard of the arrival of the steamer until they came, and Lawrence started for Culver's immediately after they reached the Bulge.

He did not stay as long as usual, and there was a subdued excitement in his manner when he returned that was apparent to all.

"What is it, Tom?" I asked, as he came near me, for we had grown very friendly since the day on the cliff.

He seized my hand

"Harvey, she's coming!" and there was a glad light in his face that made it grandly beautiful.

"She's coming? Who's coming, Tom?"

"Oh, I forgot! Forgive me, old fellow, for

not telling you, but I have been so wrought up with fear that I did not dare speak. You see, when I came away from Pomfret I didn't have any people to leave; but there was one little woman that it was very hard to part from, even though I had never spoken of love to her. We'd been playmates, and school-mates, and I'd walked home from church with her, but I was only a farm hand, and somehow I could never bring myself to ask a woman to share that lot. Then I heard of the diggings, and came away without telling of the love I felt, for I knew the life here was strange and dangerous. When the boys began to send home for their dear ones I could hold in no longer, but just wrote and told her how much she was to me, and all about our place here, and asked her, if it was not too late, to love me and come to me. Her answer came to-day. Here is what she says:

"MY OWN DEAR TOM—Of course I will come to you. Why, I knew that you loved me long before you went away, and I also knew that some time, God willing, you would come for me, or send for me, so I just went on loving you, and waiting for you, for I have loved you always, I think."

"I shall leave New York in the July steamer, so you will know when to meet me in San Francisco."

"Your own LITTLE WOMAN."

"I shall meet her in Frisco, Harvey, but we will be married here, for the boys have been very good to me, and I want them all to be at the wedding."

And we were all there.

It took place early in September. The minister came specially from Marysville, and Rube Langton's new house was just a blaze of light that night, for the reception took place there.

But they were married in the house that Lawrence was building.

"We must be married in our own home, boys, to give the house a good send-off," and we all agreed that this was best.

Somehow, Lawrence's wedding seemed a camp affair, and not a personal matter.

They stopped with Langton until their own home was finished, and then settled down to the happiest life I have ever seen.

It was a lucky day for the Bulge when Tom Lawrence came to us. He is our leading man now, and his wife—well, there is not a better or more beautiful woman in the State.

A FORTUNATE CITY.

THE HOWARD GIFTS TO BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

AMONG our smaller inland cities few are so highly favored as Burlington, Vt. Its situation on an amphitheatre sloping up from Lake Champlain, and girt with mountains on all sides, is surpassingly beautiful. Favorably placed for commercial and manufacturing enterprises, and having been the seat of a University since the beginning of the century, it has a population whose wealth and taste are indicated by elegant residences and grounds, and a high degree of social refinement.

Within a few years it has become the object of general admiration by reason of the number and magnitude of the benefactions bestowed upon its public institutions. First came the Fletcher endowments: that of the Fletcher Free Library by the gift of \$24,000; then of the Mary Fletcher Hospital by gifts amounting to \$200,000; and more recently the magnificent series of the Howard gifts, of which it is the purpose of this article to speak.

The Burlington Howards come from a seafaring stock long resident in Rhode Island. John Howard, turning his back upon the sea, and finding farming pursuits uncongenial, came, in 1812, to Burlington and established a hotel, which the tact and bonhomie of "Uncle John," as he was universally called, made a favorite resort for travelers during the next thirty-five years. Here, in 1814, John Purple, the subject of this sketch, was born. Having spent his boyhood mainly in services connected with his father's inn, at the age of fifteen he went to New York, and joined with his elder brother, Daniel, in keeping, first, the Exchange Hotel, where the Stock Exchange now is, and afterwards the famous Irving House, on Broadway. Some few of the older frequenters of Wall Street still remember the strong, active, knowing lad, who was half chore-boy and half landlord of the Exchange Hotel fifty years ago, but find it difficult to identify him with the dignified millionaire of to-day. Many of us can recall the fame of the Irving House during the Howard régime, and especially the celebrity it gained by its entertainment of Jenny Lind, and by the high commendations of that gifted lady. By these enterprises the two brothers accumulated a handsome fortune, with which they retired from business in 1852. Daniel Howard lived till 1871, spending his time largely in Paris with his daughter, the wife of Dr. Theodore Evans, whose intimate relations with the late Emperor and Empress of the French are well known.

John P. Howard, since his retirement from business, has been an almost constant traveler. Inheriting, seemingly, the roving disposition of his ancestors, who for so many generations followed the sea, he has wandered over almost all the habitable lands of Europe, and is said to be meditating incursions into Asia, Africa and Australia. He is a sharp observer, a great reader of newspapers, affable in conversation with all sorts of people, and in these ways he has acquired an extensive acquaintance with the world, especially with its financial affairs. He is one of the best investors in America. He never speculates. He found out for himself long ago, and has practiced all his life, the rules which have been recently set forth as the golden rules of finance, "Never to buy what one cannot pay for, and never to sell what one does not own." In the legitimate exercise of business sagacity he has amassed a large property, a goodly portion of

which he is now enjoying the luxury of dispensing in various forms of benevolence.

Of Mr. Howard's numerous private benefactions it is not our purpose to speak—nor could we if we would. They belong to that least ostentatious, but in some respects most useful, species of charity of which no record is made—not even in the memory of him who bestows it—the daily and almost hourly dispensing of small gifts, here and there, wherever wants appeal or pity prompts. For years past Mr. Howard has been scattering these most precious gifts along his path wherever it has led him.

Growing up under the eaves of the University which is the pride of his native city, though he did not share its immediate advantages, Mr. Howard always cherished a warm interest in the institution. The last object which faded from the boy's sight as he went forth to seek his fortune, the first to greet the man's eyes on his frequent returns to his old home, was the glittering dome of the old college building on the hill. His residence during his brief sojourns in Burlington is directly across the Park from the college buildings.

With the talk of Burlington people, whenever and wherever he met them, were sure to be mingled tidings of the college, of its fortunes, its wants, its opportunities. Naturally enough, the college came to be intimately associated in his mind with the prosperity of Burlington, and to be one of the first and chief objects of his thought in his plans of benevolence. Other wealthy men, his former associates, the Drews, Vanderbilts, Seney, Vassars, had honored their names by connecting them with college buildings and endowments. In June, 1881, Mr. Howard began his benefactions to the college by endowing the Chair of Natural History with \$50,000. The condition of the college buildings next occupied his thoughts. The main building, now nearly sixty years old, erected in a time of poverty, though it was not without some imposing features which had impressed themselves on the memories of a long line of students, was unsightly when compared with the newer college edifices of the country, and was unworthy of the site which it occupied, which, by universal admission, is the finest college site in America. Mr. Howard determined to reconstruct the entire building, or group of buildings, with a view both to beauty of effect and convenience for use. This he has done during the past season, at an expense bordering on \$50,000, from plans which reflect great credit on the architect, J. J. R. Randall, of Rutland. The new building, occupying the site and retaining parts of the walls of the old one, presents a handsome front 250 feet in length, relieved by projections and gables, surmounted by sharp roofs intersecting each other, and rising in the central portion into a bell-tower and spire. The public rooms, which are mainly in the central part, are large, high and well lighted, consisting of a spacious chapel, a room for military drill, a laboratory, consisting of several connecting rooms, six commodious recitation and lecture-rooms, a skylight drawing-room for the engineering department, two large reading-rooms, apparatus-rooms, president's office, and several smaller rooms. The wings are occupied by students' dormitories, consisting of a common study, sixteen feet square, for two occupants, and a separate bedroom for each. These dormitories, large, well lighted, easily made cozy and homelike, and commanding views, to the east, of the Green Mountains, and to the west, of the lake and the Adirondacks, are fairly luxurious, and offer to the student a temporary home that the lodger in the most ambitious of hotels might envy.

The whole building, now in keeping with its incomparable site and its beautiful surroundings, is an ornament to the city and an object of just pride to the friends of the university and to the State.

A small block of red sandstone in the foundation wall of the old building bore the inscription: "Laid by General Lafayette, June 29th, 1825." At the dedication of the building next month this stone will be replaced, and near it will be a similar one inscribed: "Rebuilt by John P. Howard, 1882."

In commemoration of the event referred to, Mr. Howard has erected in front of the college a bronze statue of Lafayette in heroic size. This statue, the work of J. Q. A. Ward, will be unveiled June 26th, during the College Commencement, with imposing exercises. The principal features of the occasion will be a procession of National, State, and Municipal dignitaries, alumni, military and civic societies and citizens, with a fine military escort.

Mr. Howard also contemplates erecting and equipping a spacious gymnasium for the use of the students. The plans for it are already completed, and the work will, doubtless, go on during the Summer.

Still other projects for the benefit of the university—for adding to its buildings, beautifying its grounds, and enlarging its resources—Mr. Howard has in contemplation. Should the prolonged life be granted him which his friends hope for, doubtless the future will see other gifts as bountiful and wise as those which have already associated his name for all time with the fortunes of the University.

But not education alone has been the recipient of Mr. Howard's bounty. Charity and religion have had a share in it. "The Home for Destitute Children," originated by an invalid daughter of a former President of the University, an eminently wise and useful charity, in which benevolent women in all parts of the State have become interested, has lately received from Mr. Howard, in addition to smaller sums from time to time, the magnificent gift of the Howard Opera House. This building was originally designed as a business block, but at the suggestion of leading citizens of Burlington, who represented to Mr. Howard the great need of a hall for first-class entertainments, the plan was changed, and all above the first floor was converted into a spacious

and beautiful Opera Hall, which, in the elegance of its appointments and its adaptation to scenic and musical performances, is one of the finest public halls in the United States.

The entire block, valued at \$125,000, was, about a year ago, transferred to the managers of the Home, with the reservation that the Opera Hall should, for at least twenty years, be kept as a hall for public entertainments. The revenue of the building from the rental of the stores and the hall must add a handsome yearly sum to the funds, out of which the good women feed and clothe and educate the otherwise homeless little ones.

To the Episcopal Church in Burlington Mr. Howard has made numerous gifts, for the ornamentation of the church edifice, the improvement of the grounds, and the enlargement of its mission and diocesan funds. He has recently built and furnished, at an expense of \$10,000, a stone chapel, beautiful in its exterior effect, and of exquisite finish within.

Of Mr. Howard's many other gifts to his native city, such as fountains to her parks, improvements to her beautiful cemetery by the Lake Shore, the handsome entrance to "Howard Park," presents of flags and flag-staffs, and numerous contributions in money to various improvements and enterprises, we can barely make mention. Whichever way we turn, we see evidences of his generosity. The stranger will not be long in town before hearing his name, or stay long in any circle without hearing it constantly repeated, and always with respect and gratitude. To have had expended upon its various public institutions a sum approaching half a million dollars is a piece of rare good fortune for a small city like Burlington; and to have had at once the nerve and the will to do this, marks Mr. Howard as a man rarely favored of heaven. For no one among all those who have received his bounty enjoys the receiving as much as he enjoys the bestowing of it.

The name Howard is worthily borne by a sister, Miss Louisa H. Howard, who, in proportion to her means, is emulating her brother in charitable giving. A few years ago she lifted a debt from the Home by a timely gift of \$4,500. She has just completed, at a cost exceeding \$5,000, a beautiful gothic chapel at the entrance of Lake View Cemetery, to be used for burial services. It is a touching circumstance that the mortuary chapel was first used in connection with the burial of Mr. A. B. Herrick, late Assistant District-attorney of New York city, whose mother is an intimate friend of Miss Howard's, with whom she had frequently consulted about the chapel. Miss Howard takes a great interest in young men, especially young men of promise who are struggling with adversity. In aid of such young men she has recently endowed five free scholarships in the University by the gift of five thousand dollars. To be a Howard—so it seems—is to have the grace of giving, both freely and wisely.

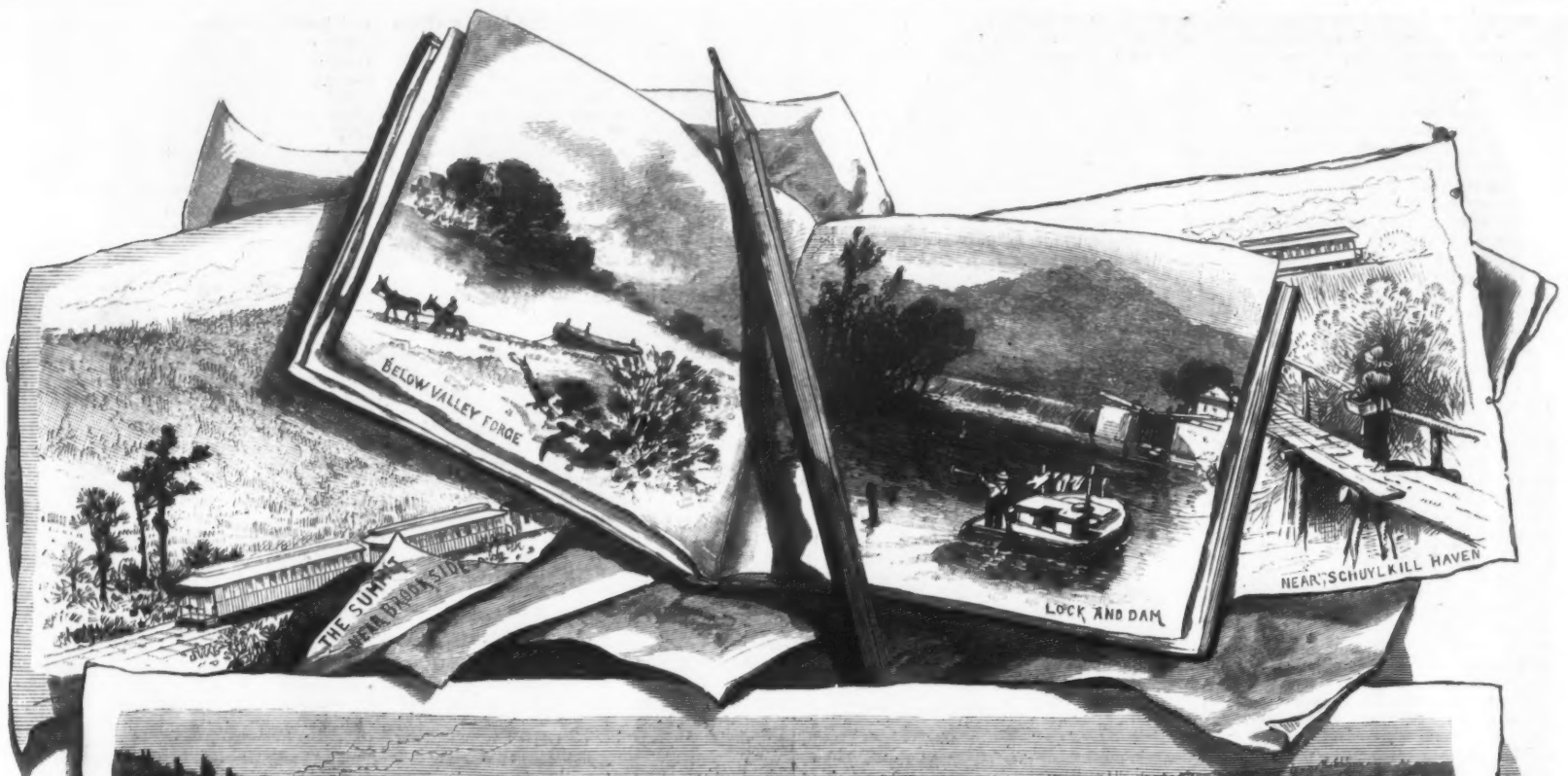
Said we not well at the beginning of this article that Burlington is a highly-favored city? May the Howards be multiplied in the land, and may this article help to make their name honored and their example contagious!

THE CORONATION COSTUMES.

IN the blaze of gorgeous costumes and flashing uniforms the coronation robes of the Czar and Czarina stood out in bold relief, forming a mediæval and glowing color-picture. His Majesty the Emperor wore the white uniform of a colonel of the Imperial Guards. Over this mantle was the coronation robe of Imperial purple, lined and trimmed with priceless ermine, every tail worth a Jew's ransom. Around his neck was suspended the golden Collar of Power, incrustated with glittering gems dazzling to gaze upon, and from beneath his beard hung a dozen foreign decorations and medals, each attached to a brilliant ribbon. The Empress was attired in the Russian national costume of black velvet, sumptuously embroidered with diamonds, her zone girded with a magnificent belt of precious stones. A necklace of pearls five times encircled her white throat, and a purple velvet mantle, lined with ermine, fell from her shoulders. The lace ruffles to her wrists were valued at 250,000 rubles, while her bracelets of emeralds were beyond price. The two figures, standing against a crimson background, produced the most striking and abiding effect, even where all was gorgeous and magnificent.

FLY-FISHING ON THE MEGALLOWAY RIVER.

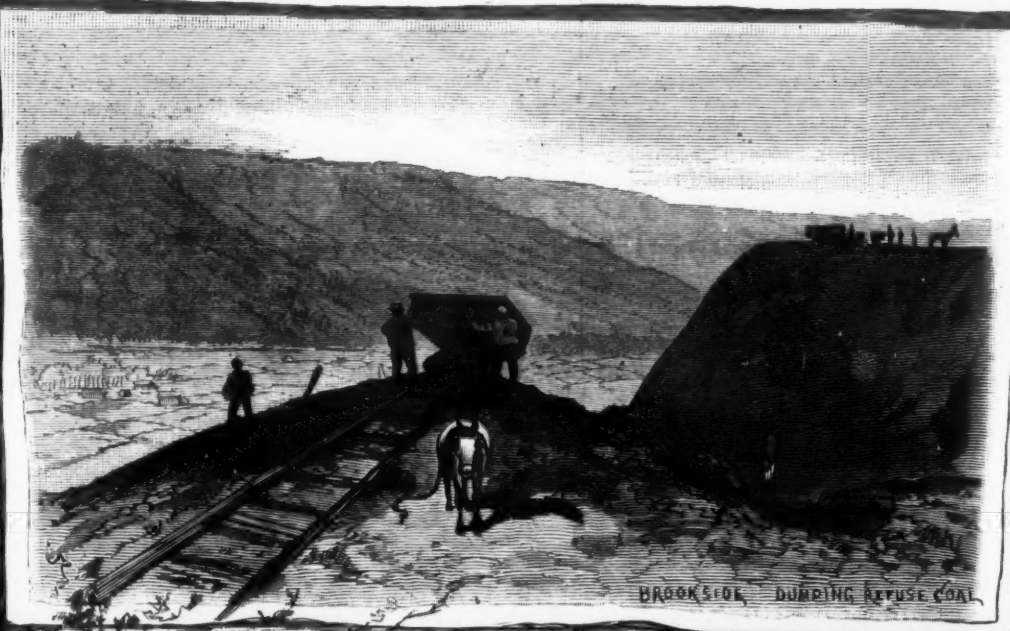
FLY-FISHING requires a dexterous, a light and a firm hand. To cast a line forty, fifty or sixty yards with an aerial whirl so as to allow the fly to drop on the eddying water as if casually alighting, is a science. It is to be acquired by patient practice and much mortification of spirit, since the beginner must count up the loss of many pounds of fish in consequence of clumsiness of cast. What more healthful exercise for our womankind than fly-fishing? Why should not the wife fish with the husband, the sister with the brother, the lady-love with her cavalier? Out in the open air, with the fresh breezes fanning the cheeks and the brooklets murmuring delicious music; out in wild and beautiful scenery, be the sport good or bad, come "four pounders" or never a nibble, a day thus spent earns a surplus of health that may be stored and used up at some future time. The Rangely Lakes in Maine are favorite fishing-grounds. Our illustration represents a little bit of angling on the Megalloway River. The young couple are on their bridal tour. Both love the open air. He is an enthusiastic angler. She wishes to become one, and gladly takes a lesson from his expert and willing hand. A big trout is lying lazily in the rippling eddy. This is madam's chance. The fly must drop softly right over where his troutship is dozing. A plash and he



WILLIAMS VALLEY FROM BROOKSIDE.



BASS FISHING



BROOKSIDE DUMPING REFUSE COAL



SIGNAL STATION



NEAR JOHNSON'S FERRY

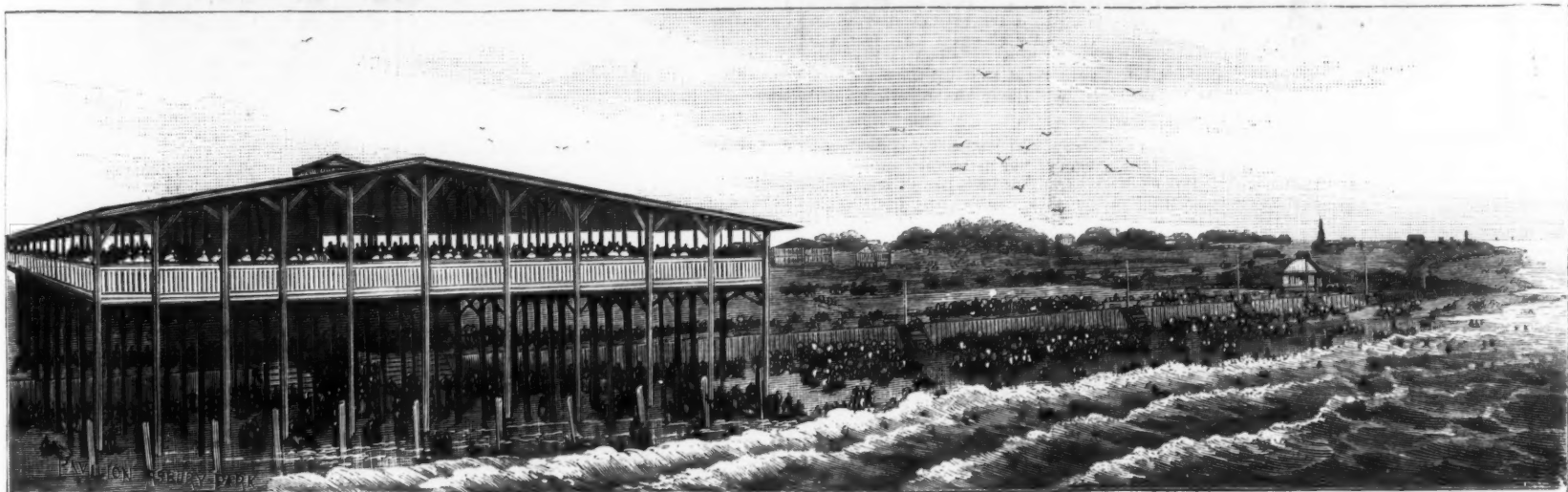


MILL CREEK

PENNSYLVANIA.—HINTS FOR SUMMER TOURISTS—ATTRactions ALONG THE READING RAILROAD AND ITS BRANCHES.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 298.



RUSSIA.—THE IMPERIAL CORONATION—THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III. AND THE EMPRESS MARIE FEDOROVNA IN THEIR CORONATION COSTUMES.—SEE PAGE 295.



NEW JERSEY.—HINTS FOR SUMMER TOURISTS—POINTS OF INTEREST AT ASBURY PARK ON THE SEA.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 298.

is scared. The moment is an exciting one—Edwin eager that Angelina may hook her fish; Angelina feverishly desirous of exhibiting her prowess. The preliminary curls through the air have been performed, and the cast is made. The fly descends lightly, and—whirr-r-r-r goes the reel, the line spinning off at the rate of a mile a minute. The trout has been struck.

HINTS TO SUMMER TOURISTS.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF CERTAIN FAVORITE RESORTS.

SUMMER in all the fullness of its charms is now upon us, and with it the indolent day-dreaming of opal seas and blue skies, of sparkling rivers and bosky woods, of travel, with all its fascinations and its sometimes perilous pleasures. In this, our Midsummer Number, we present to our readers a few of those exquisite bits of scenery wherewith this fair land of ours is studded as with gems. It is a veritable embarrassment of riches since, let the tourist turn where he will, his expectant eye banquets upon a menu served up by the hand of Nature in her happiest of moods. When the mercury coquettes with the nineties, city-pent people yearn for the boom of the breaker, the ripple of the streamlet and the shade of the forest. To New Yorkers any of these three are easily attainable. No city in the wide world is so admirably equipped with cheap and rapid travel as Gotham. Rail and boat, boat and rail, to anywhere, everywhere. Boats up the Sound, up the Hudson, down the Bay. Rail north, south, east and west, tapping hills and dales, lakes and streamlets, oceanside towns and villages. A New Yorker on waking has but to decide "whither," and in a few minutes his wishes may be fulfilled with almost the celerity of the Flying Carpet in the "Arabian Nights."

WATKINS GLEN.

To no more picturesque "corner of earth" can a tourist betake himself than Watkins Glen. The Glen is situated in Schuyler County, N. Y., near the head of the silver Seneca Lake, between two ranges of hills which seem to have been torn asunder in the formation of a narrow Dantesque valley. It consists properly of a number of glens, or sections, rising one above another, and extending about three miles, forming a series of rocky arcades, galleries and grottoes, subterranean at times, and again widening out into vast amphitheatres of unsurpassed grandeur and magnificence. The Glen lies east and west, and the ascent is about 600 feet. A cascade-broken stream plashes through—some of the waterfalls intensely grand in their rugged gyrations, others noiseless and soft as white spun wool. To endeavor to give a detailed description of the Glen, having regard to the exigencies of space, were an utter impossibility. The Entrance Amphitheatre, where sheer walls 200 feet in height almost meet, is exceptionally grand, while the Entrance Cascade, shooting from an angle sixty feet above and dashing into a cavernous pool, gives goodly promise of the beauties that are to follow. The climb to Glen Alpha, the coigne of espial from Sentry Bridge, where the cool, fresh, bracing air caresses the cheek; the thousand tints and hues in Still-water Gorge; the luminous waters of the Minnehaha Falls; the fearful Cavern Gorge, the Labyrinth, the weird Grotto—all fairly enchain the visitor till he reaches, in a condition of amazed enchantment, the Swiss ch let.

Quitting the chlet, the path lies through dusky woods rich in the most luxuriant foliage, wild and picturesque spots, till the entrance to the Cathedral is passed. The Cathedral is an immense oblong amphitheatre; the rocky walls, tapestried with ferns and mosses and lichens, tower 300 feet in the air, and are crowned with tapering pines. The floor is composed of an even surface of rock; the roof is the azure. A cascade makes music in this God-made house—the ceaseless chords of a great amen. Onwards passing the Glen of the Pools, passing a triple cascade and rainbow falls, passing an Inferno Shadow Gorge—passing the Emerald Pool—Glen Arcadia, the Artist's Dream, the Pluto Falls, the Pool of the Nymphs, Glen Elysian, to Summit Look-out, the visitor pauses in awe and in rapture ere descending through novel beauties to the inevitable exit. To enjoy the Glen fully, one should spend two or three days, locating at the Glen Mountain House, which is built and is part of the Glen property, so that all its guests are accorded full privileges of the Glen. A stage awaits the arrival of every train to conduct passengers to the hotel. Since last season, many important improvements have been added. Watkins is, in fact, the gate to the lakes, situated, as it is, at the head of the largest of the chain.

Seneca Lake, a "Venetian mirrored" piece of water, is thirty-seven miles long and from two to four miles broad. It flows into Lake Ontario, is 600 feet deep and 450 feet above the level of the ocean. The steamers of the Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company make six trips daily between Watkins and Geneva, calling at all the landings between the two places. The most important is at Longpoint, where is found the most attractive hotel in this section, erected with much care and expense, by Mr. S. K. Nester, a wealthy capitalist of Geneva. The location of the hotel is most beautiful, and its internal arrangements as perfect as modern appliances can make them. Those who visit this charming resort will find it "all that fancy paints."

THE LEHIGH REGION.

What a panorama of beauty unfolds itself to the eye of the enraptured traveler as he bows along the Lehigh Valley Railroad, Packer's Point scoring a gold and Mauch Chunk following suit. Mauch Chunk, 121 miles west of New York, is built chiefly in the valley of the creek on a single street, like an Alpine town, between Mahoning and Sharp Mountains, and

is so central in space that the gardens attached to the houses are perched on ledges of rock. The hills on each side rise precipitously to the height of several hundred feet, attaining an elevation of nearly 1,000 sheer over the sunless gorge. A more striking picture is scarcely possible to conceive than this rift in the mountain, dappled with white houses like daisies, the silver stream plashing through dark gates to leap joyously into light further down. The Chunk derives its commercial importance from the mines of anthracite found in the Sharp Mountain at this eastern extremity of the southern anthracite field of Pennsylvania. The coal from these mines was formerly taken to Mauch Chunk over the famous "Switchback," and thence by chutes to the Lehigh Canal.

The Switchback is the title, by courtesy, of the famous Mount Pisgah Giant's Railroad. Since the completion of the Neaquehoning tunnel, comparatively little coal has been sent over its tracks, and it is now chiefly used for pleasure trips. Upon the arrival of every train, coaches and "leathern conveniences" of every description are in waiting to convey visitors to the foot of the first incline. Near the foot of the incline are spacious Summer cars, not unlike those in use in the land of William Tell. After the magical "All aboard" has been uttered by the sun-kissed conductor, the brakes are slackened, and the cars run by force of gravitation to the immediate foot of the incline, which stretches away 2,322 feet above to a lilliputian engine-house, where the motive power that pulls the cars is generated. Between the rails all the way is a deep trough, or pit, and in this trough travels a sturdy piece of machinery known as the "barney." On this "barney" everything depends in case of any mishap to the hauling gear, or circular blocks; for the moment a hitch occurs the "barney" pops up, grips the car, and quietly says, "Just you stop right where you are!" The ascent, at an angle of forty, is both novel and exhilarating, while the motion is entirely free from that biting and gripping known to those who have done the Rhigi Kulm, the Kahlenberg, or Vesuvius in cars. As we mount rapidly, the three Mauch Chunks reveal themselves beneath us, the sinuosities of the Lehigh shape their configuration far below on either hand, while long and snake-like coal trains creep the winding tracks. Far away on the hills of the Delaware, and beyond the great billowy mountains heave in Titanic grandeur until lost from very distance. In clear weather not only is Delaware Water Gap seen, but Schooley's Mountain, in New Jersey, sixty miles away.

"All aboard!" and we are off again. The car moves across a trestle, and to think of going over causes mental shudder. Now we spin along, shooting around grim and formidable crags, gliding through masses of luminous foliage, and at every turn of speed encountering new and brilliant bits of enravishing scenery. Away down in the valley, so far beneath us, are gray washings from the great coal workings of former days. A six-mile ride brings us to the base of another inclined plane. Up we go again 2,070 feet, the faithful "barney" in waiting and seeing that everything goes right with us, till we strike the terminus in Summit, a typical mining town.

From Mauch Chunk the tourist can visit the famous and romantic Glen Onoko, trains running thither every hour in the day. In the hottest weather a cool breeze is to be had for the seeking in this picturesque glen—a veritable casket of nature's gems. The several cascades have been happy in the taste of their godfathers, for the names are poetically and aptly chosen: "Hidden Sweet," "Lover's Bath," "Home of the Mist," and "Heart of the Glen," are instances of the "happy thoughts" of the sponsors. Since last season the Glen has received special attention from the company and now is the most attractive point on its system for excursions and tourists. It is completely fitted up for the accommodation of large excursion parties who desire to visit the Glen and "Switchback," and return the same day to New York or Philadelphia. In addition to the natural beauties of the Glen, the wise and liberal expenditure by the company has added many other attractions, among which are a large dancing pavilion, swings, new walks, boating, etc. The entrance to the Glen or station is a picturesque and rustic building, and most convenient to the railroad. To provide for the safety of life where so many are to be looked after, a bridge has been constructed from the dancing pavilion across the main track and a special landing for excursionists is provided. The Lehigh Valley is now a trunk line from New York to Buffalo, and through passengers to Niagara will be well repaid for tarrying a day or two at the points we have named. Another new attraction on this road will be found a little further north, or about eight miles from Wilkesbarre, in a palatial hotel on the summit of the mountains, located at Glen Summit, and close by the noted "Fairview" which overlooks the Wyoming Valley. Its altitude is eighteen hundred feet above tide, and it will open its doors for the first time this Summer to accommodate four hundred guests. All trains of the Lehigh Valley Railroad will stop at this point for meals. The hotel is destined to bear the same relations to the Lehigh Valley Railroad as the hotel at Cresson does to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

RESORTS REACHED BY THE READING.

Second to none of the railway systems attracting Summer tourists is that of the Reading, which, by its late accession to the control of the lines of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, has greatly enlarged its facilities and extended its connections. For years New York passengers have availed themselves of the Bound Brook route to Philadelphia, which, for speed, comfort and safety, leaves nothing to be desired, and now they are able, by the

same excellent line, to extend their journey to the heart of the coal regions of the Keystone State. Starting either from New York or Philadelphia, which has until lately been the Eastern terminus of the Reading system, the Summer tourist has a most widely varied and numerous series of attractions. All the beauties of nature and the marvels of engineering skill are offered for his inspection. From Philadelphia the main line of the Reading proceeds northwesterly up the picturesque valley of the Schuylkill, through Norristown, Pottstown and Reading to Pottsville, in the very heart of the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. Radiating, however, from all these points are branches to many charming and quiet resorts among the hills and mountains, in which the tourist will find every attraction.

Brookside is one of those gems in the casket of nature's beauty. This is the terminal point of the Lebanon and Tremont branch, and the location of the Brookside colliery, one of the largest and most productive in the anthracite coal region. From the end of the track there is a superb panoramic view of the Williams Valley, the towns of Lykens, Williamstown and Tower city, with the surrounding hills and lower plains. Anything more charming than the peaceful Williams Valley it is impossible to conceive. It would seem as if tired Nature had repaired hither to rest and be thankful. In this portion of the Schuylkill River regions there are some lovely bits of scenery, to wit: Mill Creek, near Johnson's Ferry, and the bass-fishing is something worthy of the rod of President Arthur.

By way of the Reading all the trunk lines extending to every point of the country are reached, and the tourist who aims to end his journey at any point reached by rail or steam may safely begin it on the Reading. Pottsville, surrounded by numerous towns, all like itself engrossed with the coal interests, is beautifully situated and supplied with excellent hotels. The inclined planes at Mahanoy and Gordon are objects of special interest and of never-failing enjoyment to tourists, to whom the practical phases of the coal industry are full of attraction. Beyond Pottsville the Reading opens the way to Williamsport, the oil regions, and all the north-west country of the Keystone State. By way of Bethlehem, the Reading has access to all the upper country of the Lehigh Valley and the Central New York Lake region, while by the Central of New Jersey and its connections it commands the entrance to the entire Atlantic coast front of New Jersey. Taken for all in all, it may be fairly doubted whether any line can be selected offering access to a greater number or more widely diversified attractions than the old reliable Reading.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

To the southward, attractive vistas open. Gradually the popular mind is learning the fact that among the mountains of Virginia and Western North Carolina, and along the Atlantic Coast, are some of the most pleasant, restful and healthful of all the resorts for Summer recreation. Within the past three years a practically new and hitherto undiscovered country has been opened up by the Shenandoah Valley Railroad and allied lines, which commands not only the patronage of those tourists from the Far South seeking the North, but that of many from the cooler latitudes who find among the mountains and at the healthful springs a fresh and original charm not possible at the older and better known resorts. The conveniences of travel are all at the disposal of the patron of the Shenandoah Valley; the best cars, day and sleeping, the most comfortable roadbed, quick time, certain connections and good hotels at convenient points along the line, all combine to make the trip one of unusual and long-to-be-remembered pleasure. Starting from Harrisburg, where connections are made with the entire Pennsylvania system, the road pursues a southward course through the historic ground of Antietam, Sharpsburg, Charlestown, up the valley of the South Fork of the Shenandoah, to the Caverns of Luray.

Luray Cave is indisputably one of the most conspicuous wonders of the country, and it is visited yearly by a steadily increasing number of tourists. Its charms and beauties are too numerous to be described in detail in this connection, but it is worth noting here that the control and management of the Cave and of Luray Inn at its entrance are all under the authority of the Shenandoah Valley Company, thus insuring the comfort of every visitor. In the Luray Inn are to be found all the conveniences of any well-appointed city hotel of the day, while in the Cave are guides, electric lights, suitable clothing and everything necessary for the full enjoyment of its marvels at the least possible risk or inconvenience. Southward from Luray, the Shenandoah Valley traverses an exceedingly interesting and picturesque country until it strikes at the new and bustling Roanoke city, the main line of the old Virginia, East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, with which its principal Southern connections are made.

The attractions of the country to which the Shenandoah Valley is an approach are, however, accessible by other entrances. From Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, lines of superior and well-appointed passenger steamers run to Norfolk, the eastern terminus of its system, past Old Point Comfort, with its spacious and hospitable Hygeia Hotel, the favorite resort of all seasons and all circles, where connection is made with the main line of the Virginia, East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad. From Norfolk westward, Richmond is accessible, and beyond are the White Sulphur Springs, and all the innumerable mountain, springs and resorts of Upper Virginia, the Natural Bridge, the Peaks of Otter, and onward to the very summits of the Blue Ridge. By the Georgia division of this road access is had to Atlanta and Dalton, to Knoxville, Tenn., and southeasterly to all the coast

and Florida resorts. Indeed, a glance at the map will show that few roads more truly merit the distinction of a "trunk line" than the Shenandoah Valley system, and that over its inviting routes lie the shortest and the best lines to attractions without number and of endless variety.

ASBURY PARK.

One of the most ozone-yielding places on our great seaboard is Asbury Park, whose health-bestowing qualities are, year after year, being appreciated up to the highest standard of value. "Always a breeze" is the refrain of its song of praise; and the idea of a salt-laden breeze when ninety-three degrees is reached is "quite too too refreshing for anything." Its tawny sands are the romping-grounds for the youngsters, and its bathing so bracing that *pater familias* is a new man after a few rolls in its saucy surf. The hotels are equal to the occasion, the Sheldon House standing foremost on the vantage ground of honest merit.

A large addition has been built on the ocean end of the hotel, adding fifty new rooms to the building. There are wide piazzas at each story on all sides of the house, and from them are obtained superb views of the ocean. A new reading-room has been constructed on the west side. It has been finished in hard woods, the grain showing to great advantage. The entire basement has been remodeled and contains all the latest improvements for the health and comfort of the guests of the house. The salt-water bathing department of this hotel is an institution in itself. It covers a space of nearly three thousand square feet. Pure salt-water is pumped up from the ocean all day by a powerful engine and large pumps. The bath-rooms are fitted up with new and commodious bath tubs and hot and cold, fresh or salt, water can be had at will. The electric baths are in charge of a competent physician. The ladies' bathing department is furnished, like that of the gentlemen's, with a large sitting-room and also a "sun parlor."

The Sheldon House is perfect in its sanitary arrangements. It has an admirable sewer system, by which all the refuse and sewerage is sent "out to sea." The bedrooms are large and well ventilated, and the halls wide and airy. The children's play-house, always an agreeable feature of the hotel, will also be used as a parlor skating rink. The House has electric bells, telephonic connection with all parts of the Grove and Park, and during the Summer season with Deal Beach, Elberon, Long Branch, Ocean Beach, Spring Lake, Freehold, Red Bank and other points north and south of the Grove. This model establishment is open all the year round, and affords a delightful retreat for invalids in Winter as well as Summer.

The Coleman House, too, is admirably situated and conducted on the most approved principles. The view along the coast from the hotel is worth visiting Asbury Park to enjoy. It accommodates 350 guests. Its fine location (only 200 feet from the breakers), with beautiful level lawns, and unobstructed view of the ocean from its broad and shaded verandas, together with its unsurpassed facilities for surf bathing and lake boating, tend to make it one of the most desirable seaside resorts on the coast. Within three minutes' walk of the hotel are pine groves for all who desire the benefits to be obtained from the pinery odors. With its electric bells, gas, and new and augmented steam-heating apparatus, comforts are afforded which early guests seldom find at Summer resorts, especially along the coast.

Attached to the house is an amusement building, containing a large ballroom, billiard-room, and bowling-alley. The orchestra has been carefully selected, and comprises some of the best musicians obtainable. Dancing is the order every evening, and full dress hops every Saturday are held in the grand ballroom.

With all the advantages that nature and art, in the shape of hotels, have bestowed upon it, Asbury Park is, indeed, a happy hunting-ground to those who require to be revived after the season's dissipation or hard work. Its cottage life is as unique as delightful. It is, in fact, a city of cottages, and its Summer population runs up into the thousands. It is reached in an hour and a half from New York by boat or rail. A few years ago there was scarcely a house on the site of this now charming city by the sea. Its development is almost entirely due to Mr. Bradley, whose means and enterprise have been employed, in the largest sense, for the benefit of his fellow-men. The Park has several fine public halls, erected by him, and there are many churches and schools. It is a favorite seat of Church and Sunday-school Congresses of all denominations.

We have illustrated a few of the picturesque places of interest within easy distance of New York; it is for our readers to go and visit them, and to ponder over their beauties for many a long day to come.

THE SITUATION ON THE CONGO.

THE map which we publish this week will enable the reader to realize the situation at the present moment on the Congo. The river, which, for one hundred miles, is sufficiently wide and deep to float a vessel of 5,000 tons, flows through forests of mangrove-trees. These seem to rise from the water's edge, leaving not even room for a boat to land. Forty-five miles up the river is Porto de Lenha, which consists of half a dozen trading factories, inclosed from the river by piers. Above this point the scenery changes. The mangrove disappears, and is succeeded by a variety of green bushes interspersed with palm.

At Boma (Embomme) the banks rise and become bare of trees. One hundred and twenty miles from the mouth of the river is a village

called Vivi, where the river begins to narrow. From above Isangela to Lutete, about one hundred miles, there are a series of falls and rapids which close continuous progress by water. At Lutete, or a little below it, the river again becomes broad and navigable.

Mr. Stanley, supported by a Belgian trading company, has now succeeded in opening communication with the centre of the continent. Two steamers, the *Belgique* and *Esperance*, ply between the mouth of the river and Vivi. The *Royale* plies between Manganya and Isangela, while the *En Avant*, launched in Stanley Pool December 2d, 1881, can steam 800 miles up the river. In order to overcome the difficulties caused by the cataracts and rapids, Mr. Stanley has made a road 100 miles long (see map), and has thus, with the aid of the Belgian trading company, established a trade with the centre of Africa. At this point M. de Brazza comes on the scene. His objects, as stated by himself at an interview, are to open up the Congo to European and French enterprise, and to combat all attempts to monopolize the district in the interest of any one nation or association. M. de Brazza landed at Ponta Nigra, in Loango, in spite of the protests of both natives and Portuguese. His intention is to force a road up through the country to Brazzaville, on Stanley Pool, and so obtain a share of Central African trade for Europe—and for France. His party number about three hundred men. They will have to

satisfactorily performed with no previous training and with no resulting mental, moral, or manual improvement. This notion is as mischievous as it is mistaken. Few callings involve more solemn trusts, few demand more noble qualities—integrity, patience, minute faithfulness; few, were its full scope perceived, present greater opportunities for culture of mind and taste. But it is not to be expected that those advantages should be recognized by servants themselves, so long as they are ignored by employers. So long as the deterioration of servants is tacitly accepted as inevitable, and the problem is considered to be not how to improve them, but how to do without them, by means of boarding-house life, co-operative housekeeping, restaurants, or the division of household labor among the members of the family, somewhat on the principle of every man his own hired girl—so long that deterioration will inevitably go on increasing. The idea that there is anything praiseworthy in a refined and cultivated woman performing household labor is wholly absurd. It is a waste of the very best kind of raw material—culture, refinement, grace, which its owner owes it to society at large to put to the highest uses. It does not even elevate household labor, as might at first glance be supposed; but, on the contrary, by assuming that servants are an evil, it helps to make them so. But let the same energy and time now devoted to household labor by women of culture be

result in reducing to a minimum the number of such cases. A noteworthy fact in connection with suicides in New York city is that those of foreign birth furnish more than three-fourths; a number entirely disproportionate to their ratio of the population. Of the 150 such cases of self-murder last year, Germany claimed 79 and Ireland the next largest number, 19. The vast preponderance of Germans is difficult to account for, as the philosophic and phlegmatic Teuton would be supposed by many to be less liable to destructive influences of any kind than the excitable and nervous Celt.

The condition most favorable for self-destruction is not that from which no lower degradation is possible when any change that can be anticipated must be for the better, but that state in which despair banishes hope, and present disgrace, failure or disappointment is viewed, not as the culmination of misery, but as steps leading to a still deeper Slough of Despond. Absolute wretchedness and utter destitution but rarely furnish an addition to the number of cases of *felo de se*, and the tramp who subsists on charity, having nothing to lose, always hopes for a well-filled wallet and brighter days in the future.

Leaving out of consideration the foreign-born and unhomogeneous population of the larger cities, which exists under peculiar social conditions in many instances, tending to despondency and suicide, the rural sections fur-

of former generations. All levity aside, it is in sober seriousness to be confessed that the youth characterized by this contemptuous epithet is a very frequent product, and on the whole, one of the fairest of our present social order, and one to whom the coming generation will owe much of its civilization, whatever that may be. For the "dude," insignificant as in his callow—that is, his "society"—years he may be, yet has it in him, if he steer clear of the vices peculiar to him in these years, to ripen into a very worthy and respectable citizen.

The question, therefore, what those temptations are which now beset him, is one of gravest moment.

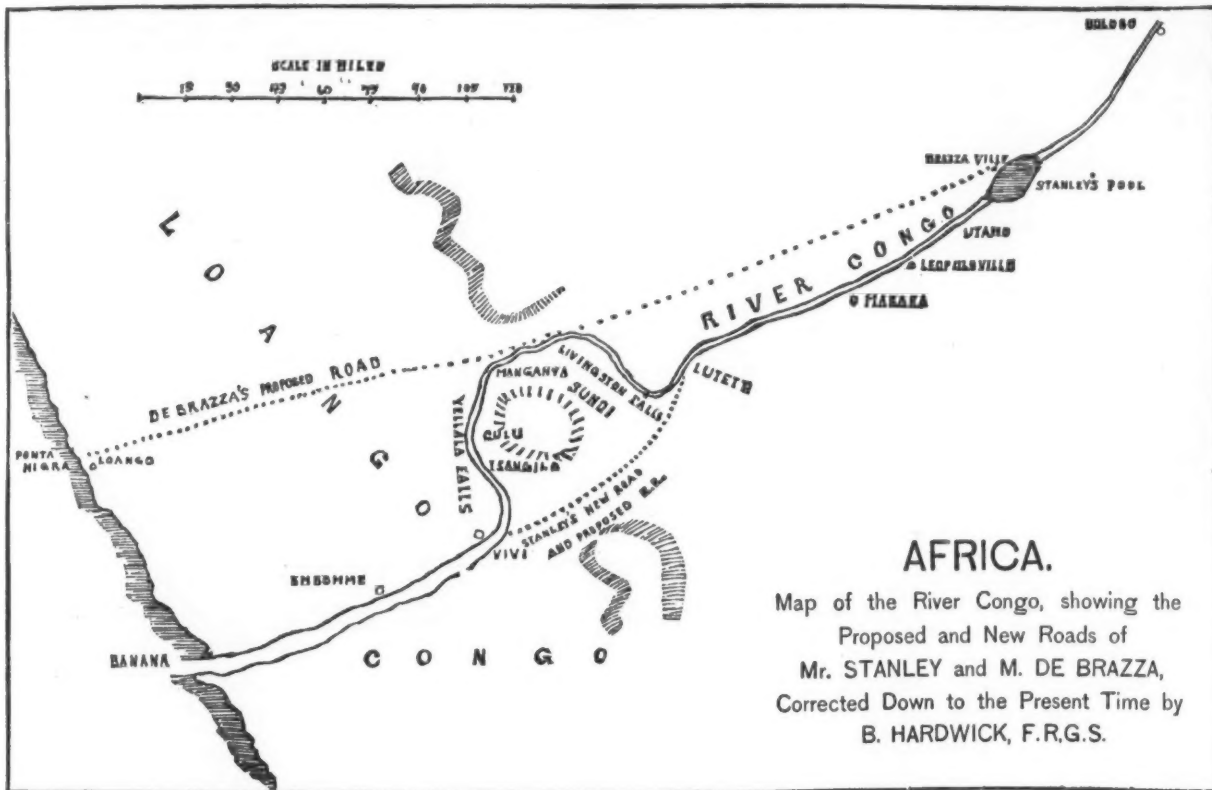
Intemperance, as commonly understood, is clearly not one of them. We should as soon expect to see the "dude" in the cockpit with the "pretty fellows" of the last century, as to hear of his indulging in a "speer," as his immediate forerunner, the swell, might easily have done on occasion, and, therefore, the preachers who preach and the philanthropists who labor to suppress intemperance, are as much behind the times, as far as he is concerned, useful as they may be in other spheres, as if they were laboring to suppress the sin of witchcraft, or inveighing against any of the forgotten vices of a past century.

But one generation is not necessarily more moral than another because its indulgences are different. The youth whose great-grandfather took snuff, and soiled his linen therewith—whose grandfather chewed and spat tobacco, and whose father smoked cigars and kept up the time-honored habit of spitting, may be more cleanly in smoking, and inhaling the smoke of cigarettes, but he is none the better, and his children may be much the worse for the changed habit. The boy whose ancestors got drunk on apple-toddy or wine in their respective periods, now knows the way—none better than he—to the opium-house which is to be found in nearly every city in the land, and gains a subtler enjoyment than they ever knew, and at a heavier cost to his constitution, his morals, and his future career. Hundreds of young men, who not only would not so degrade themselves as to drink to excess, but to whom so gross a form of excitement would offer no allurements, understand well the mysterious delight of hashish, the exhilarating effect of Indian hemp, and the more refined, because less palpable, luxury of ether and chloral. To nearly all of them the element of danger gives an added thrill of pleasure none the less sensual because a travesty of a noble emotion, and there are few of them who have not made a study of the subject in medical books, so far as to know exactly what effect may be expected, and to what point of indulgence they may dare to go.

The fact that such pleasures as these offer no allurements to grosser natures is a reason why they are the more to be dreaded. It is only our best young men—that is, the highest product of our civilization—who are sufficiently refined to enjoy these forms of dissipation; and the fact, well established, if little known, that a very large number of such youths are addicted to these habits, shows how dangerous a mine underlies our best built social fabric. Habits such as these are precisely calculated to develop the "dude" type; while they are congenial to the somewhat enervated refinement which is his by nature and circumstance, they in turn, by depressing the general tone of the system, subduing the healthy animal spirits, and dulling any active interest in life which he would otherwise feel, have helped to make him what he is, "meek, silent, quiet and refined," but thoroughly corrupt at heart. If, as the article referred to remarks, "it is he who is handing down the traditions of 'good form' to future generations," it is also he who is handing down to them a far more insidious and corrupting, if less uproarious and vulgar, form of intemperance than his ancestors ever knew.

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE UPON INDIA.

A LONDON correspondent of the New York Times writes: "Both Conservative and Liberal Cabinets in London have endeavored to make light of the Russian advance upon India. The story of the Muscovite march is, however, a romance of perseverance and success, and its latest developments are startling. In 1878, when Kaufmann set out from the Bokharan frontier 'to march upon Cabul and India' he was, as a matter of time, six months from the terminal point of the Russian railway system—Orenberg. To-day a Russian general starting from the same point would be six days from the present terminal point of the railway system, which is at Kizil Arvat. In 1878 the Russians had between them and the frontier of India 700 miles of difficult country, a rapid river, the stupendous mountain range of the Hindoo Koosh, and the deserts of Bokhara. This distance has been now reduced to 388 miles—from Askabad to Herat over a by no means difficult country. Under Lord Beaconsfield's Government the British rendered the feat of a Russian capture of Herat impossible by occupying Candahar. The mastery of Candahar was the most important victory of the war in Afghanistan. Mr. Gladstone's Government gave up this splendid outlying post. Its evacuation has placed it in the power of Russia to occupy Herat whenever she likes. She can get there and into possession two or three weeks before it would be possible for the British to arrive under the fortified works of this 'key to India.' The difference between the policy of Russia and England in Central Asia is that Russia never goes back. England continually retreats, and so little are English politics understood either in Russia or Central Asia, that, having conquered a province, to give it up is only counted a weakness."



fight their way through a wild country, occupied by native tribes, some of whom are armed with Winchester rifles, and know how to use them.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

I. A DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

THE failings and enormities of servants, which formerly were left to form the staple of conversation among women of the more shallow sort, have now advanced to the dignity of a social problem. The trite proverb about good mistresses and good servants meets the case no longer. Everybody agrees that something more than intelligent supervision and kindly feeling is needed to abate the evils we are all suffering at the hands of Bridget and Thekla and Sambo. There can be no question that servants, as a class, are rapidly deteriorating. Only the more ignorant and incapable of our foreign immigrants seek domestic service as a means of livelihood. Americans almost universally consider themselves above it, and when any of them do condescend temporarily to "help" in a family, they are by no means found to be an improvement upon foreigners. As to the faithful colored servant, to whom cooking is an inspiration, and in whom all the domestic virtues are embodied, if she ever existed outside the pages of a Southern novel, freedom has been the ruin of her; we never see her now-a-days.

No doubt, one cause of this deterioration lies in the prevailing idea that there is something degrading in domestic service, and for this the remedy must come from above. The idea is, of course, erroneous, and founded upon an ignorant view of the mutual rights of servant and employer. At the same time this relation presupposes duties on both sides, and, although it is unquestionable that the higher of the two contracting parties in question has been the more prompt to discharge the obligations devolving than the lower, yet, there is no doubt that these obligations are not thoroughly understood, and especially in their limitations. What may justly be required of servants is a question which has not yet received its final answer.

The fact is, that whatever of degradation may fairly be associated with this calling, lies not in the contract and the necessary surveillance involved, but in the assumption that no skill is required in its performance; that it can be taken up at a moment's notice and

expended in the effort to raise the standard of such work, by causing it to embrace the wide field of domestic economy and of household art. Training schools, in this country at least, will not answer this purpose; the teaching must be done by mistresses themselves, in their own homes, and from purely philanthropic motives, with no hope of immediate personal reward. It goes without saying that as soon as a servant will have learned enough to make her at all valuable, she will seek a new place; not to secure better wages, but simply from love of change, and an idle whim that change is necessarily improvement. But, in the long run, the benefit will be felt. A better class of women will perceive the advantages this field of labor will offer them, the more worthless will drop out of it, the rank and file will themselves be raised to meet the improved situation. Good results will be slow in appearing, but not more slow than in many another reform which women are now patiently carrying out, and of none would the benefit be more worthy of long and patient effort.

II. SUICIDES NOT INCREASING.

IT is perhaps difficult to prove the fallacy of the opinion generally entertained that the habits of modern civilization have a tendency to increase the number of suicides. Such an opinion is not warranted by facts, as the probabilities are that the rate of suicides, among the native-born population at least, is decreasing in proportion to the improved material and moral condition of the people.

For last year the Bureau of Vital Statistics of New York city gives the number of suicides as 199, being in the ratio of about one to 6,500 of the population. The numbers for 1881 and the four preceding years were 230, 165, 125, 195 and 215 respectively.

These figures, fluctuating as they are, do not favor the assumption that the mania for self-destruction is on the increase. Suicides, like other species of crime, are apparently periodic in their recurrence, and in many instances are doubtless due to imitation on the part of individuals of a peculiar mental calibre; one fashionable attempted suicide, like that of Signor Bettini, being followed in quick succession by others as nearly similar in character as possible. Drunkenness being credited as the primary cause of the majority of such crimes, the very noticeable improvement in the habits of the people in this respect may

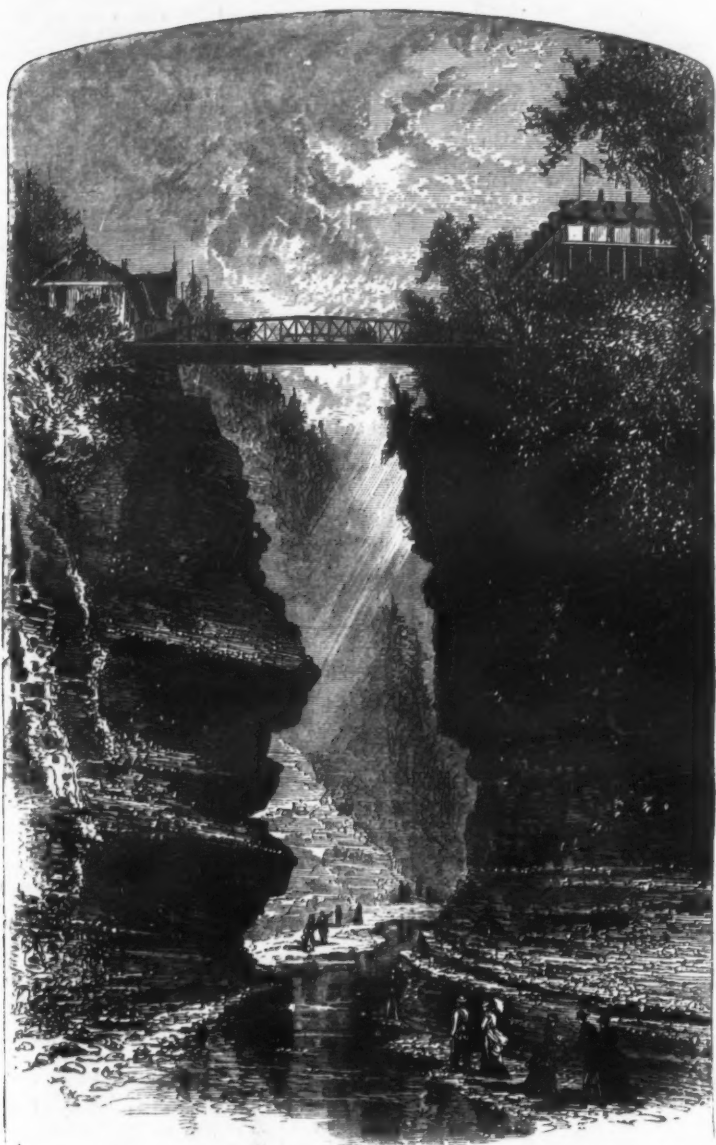
nish, proportionately to the population, a larger number of such cases than the cities and towns. Causes are not wanting, apparently, among the peaceful tillers of the soil to produce suicidal promptings, and it needs not the accidents and speculations of business and the feverish excitement of metropolitan life to produce feelings of life-weariness even among those whose uneventful, unexciting life might be supposed to be a specific against such maladies.

Pessimism may accuse the age with being the worst possible, and predict still greater degeneracy in the future; but the dispassionate observer of contemporary events knows that the reverse of this is a fact, and that he can safely claim, without being chargeable with optimism, that the age in which we live finds the human race more moral, humane and highly civilized than any that preceded, and that one of the future possibilities is a period when crime, suicide included, will have well-nigh ceased, and men will do right less from the restraints of law, or fear of punishment, than from an innate sense of duty and love of virtue for its own sake.

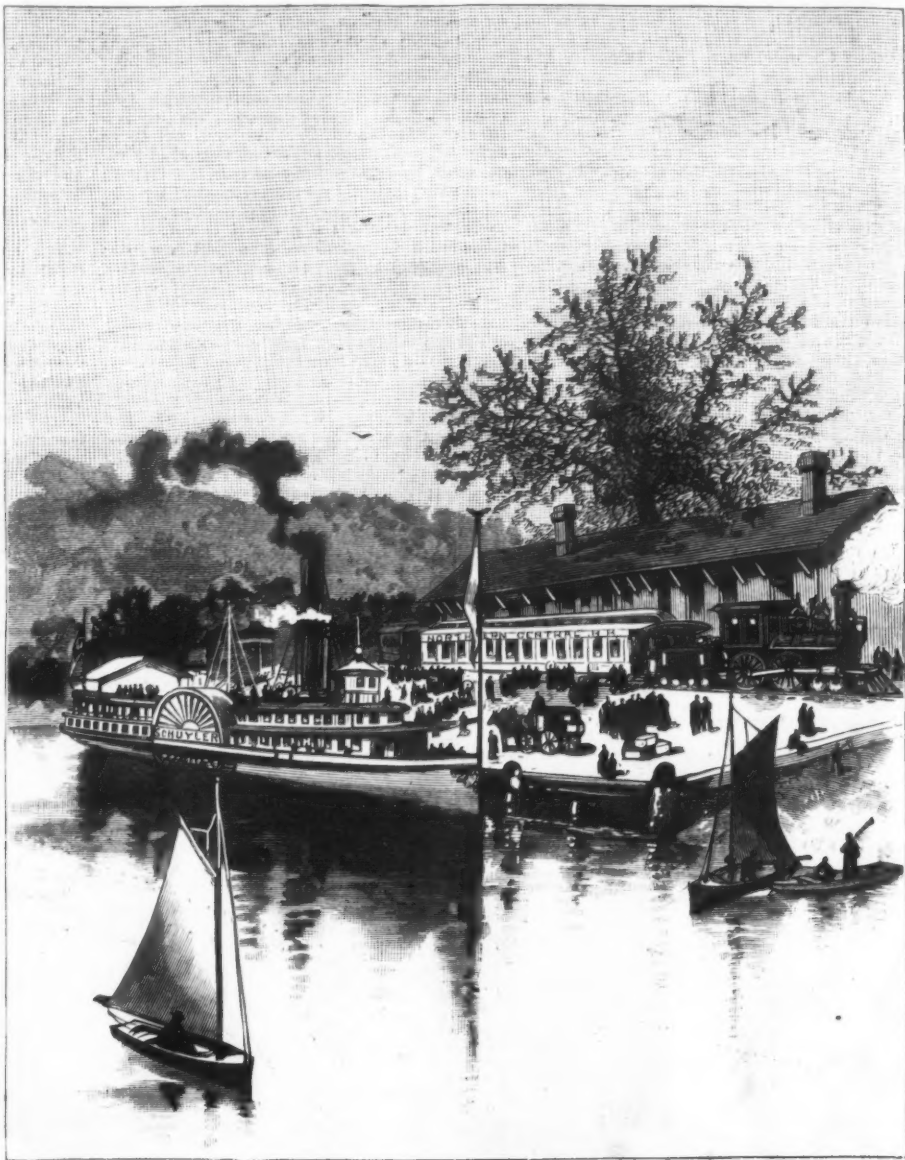
Cato, previous to taking his own life, calmly reading Plato's "Dialogue on Immortality," and Brutus, after the defeat of Philippi, preparing himself for self-slaughter by studying "Euripides on Virtue," were only possible under social and religious influences, which not only allowed suicide, but highly commended it under certain circumstances. No such sanction is now given to suicide among the learned, though De Quincey admits that there are circumstances that might justify even a Christian in self-murder.

III. ANOTHER VIEW OF INTEMPERANCE.

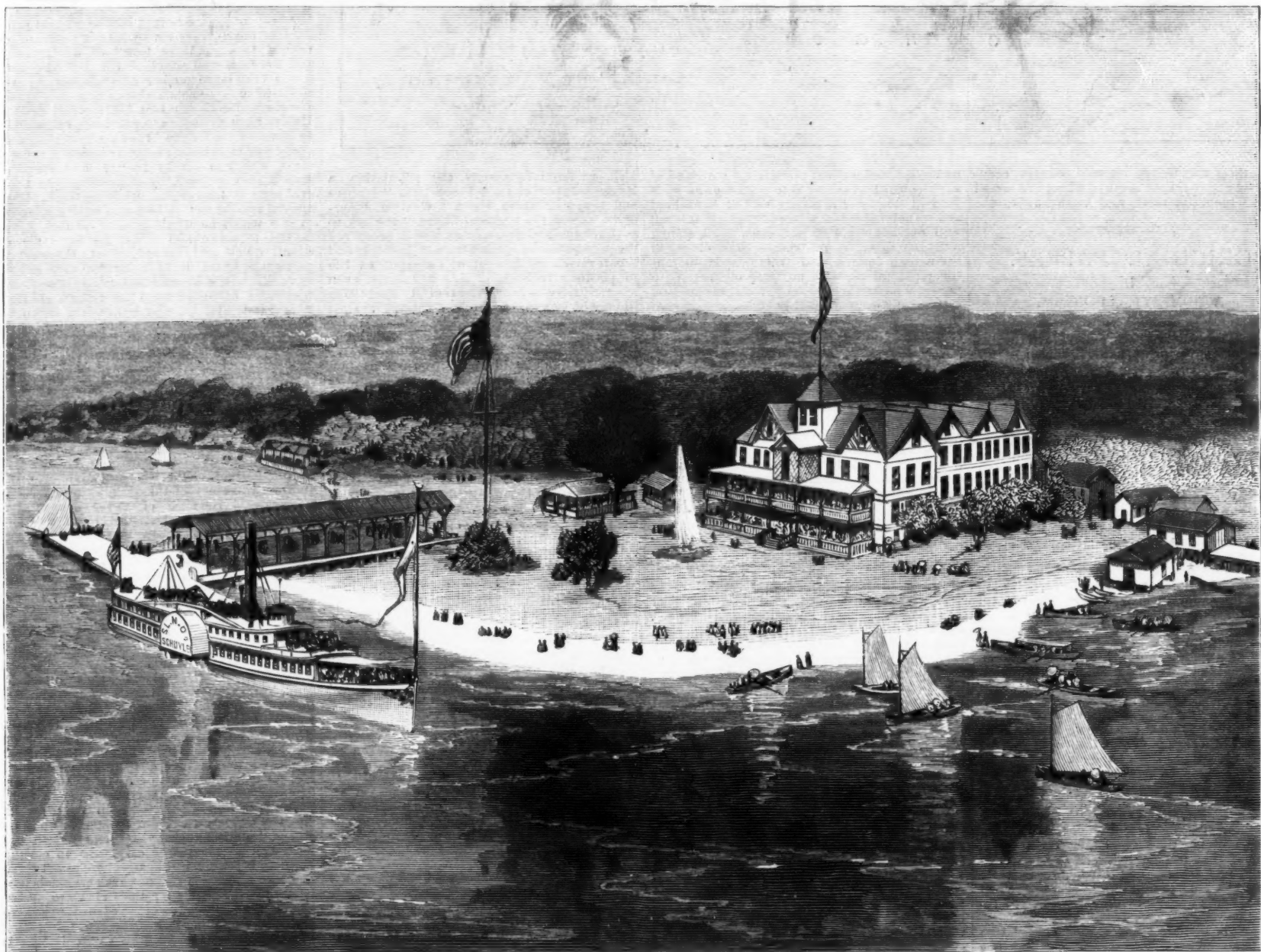
A CERTAIN fact which has not as yet attained much prominence in this connection is to be taken into account in estimating the progress which has been made during the past generation in the matter of temperance. This fact is that the higher development of humanity through education, wealth and the refining influence of scientific improvements upon our modes of life has produced a taste for different forms of self-indulgence—call them pleasure, call them vice—from those which allured men of an earlier and cruder period. A distinguished contemporary has lately called attention to the development of the "dude," showing that he is the legitimate successor of the fop, the dandy, and the swell



THE ENTRANCE TO WATKINS GLEN.



THE STEAMBOAT-LANDING ON SENECA LAKE.



VIEW OF LONGPOINT HOTEL AND ITS APPROACHES.

NEW YORK.—HINTS FOR SUMMER TOURISTS—THE SENECA LAKE REGION AND ITS FAVORITE RESORTS.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 298.